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THE LIFE OF
DWIGHT L. MOODY,
THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

BY

REV. J. N. HALLOCK, D. D.,
AND OTHERS.

WITH THIRTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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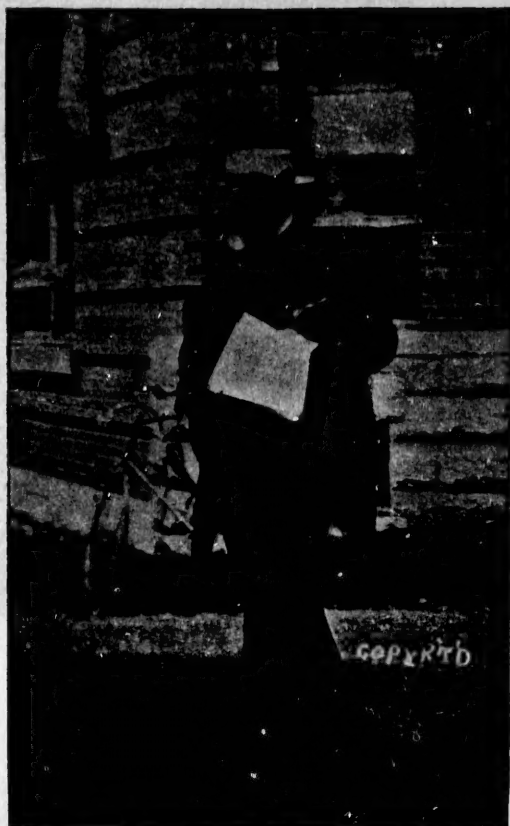
INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. CHARLES C. CREEGAN, D.D.

In the death of Mr. Moody the most powerful Christian force in America during our generation—if not the century—has passed away. Millions of people throughout Christendom, who have either been led to Christ or brought into closer relations to their Lord by the life and teaching of this great preacher, will mourn his departure as if it were a personal friend. With the possible exception of Spurgeon, no man during the last half century has wielded the world-wide influence, touching all classes and conditions of men, as this American Luther who has gone to his rest and reward.

I first met Mr. Moody during the great revival of the winter of '77, in Chicago. He had just returned from that wonderful campaign,

which, in company with Mr. Sankey, he had made in Great Britain. His audiences numbered about eight thousand, many going, as I did, two or three hundred miles to spend a few days listening to the old Gospel from the lips of one whose soul was on fire with the love of God. Mr. Moody, at this time, was in his early prime—not as stout as in recent years, but of stalwart frame and commanding presence, and with a voice that reached to every corner of the great auditorium. I heard him afterward at Denver, Cleveland, Boston, New York and elsewhere, but never was I more impressed by the wonderful power of the man—a power that was manifestly more than human—than I was when he returned from abroad, chastened rather than exalted by the thrilling experiences of those meetings in the great cities of England and Scotland, where he doubtless preached to more people in the same period of time than any man in the history of the Christian Church. It is probable that more men were led to Christ by this plain, consecrated lay preacher than by



SNAP SHOT OF MR. MOODY.

any other man who has ever lived. But the record is kept above, and Mr. Moody never stopped in his busy life to try to number the saints.

What was the secret of the marvelous success of this man, who never had the advantage of culture, and who, to the end of his life, was not a scholar, in fact never mastered his own language? It was not due to wealth, or the influence of position or friends. He was born poor, the son of a widow who had several other children. At sixteen he faced the world like a hero, to make his own way and help support his mother and younger brothers and sisters. It was while he was a clerk in a shoe store in Boston that he was brought under the preaching of Rev. Dr. Kirk, of the Mt. Vernon Congregational Church, and into the Sunday school class of Mr. Edward Kimball and into close relations with that spiritual man, Langdon S. Ward, and it was due to these three men that he was led to Christ and brought into the Church. At the meeting of the American Board at Madison, Wis., four

years ago, at the close of a powerful sermon, Mr. Moody, said, "I see here a man who was largely instrumental in leading me to Christ, and I want to hear that man pray once more. His prayers used to move me wonderfully when I was a boy in Boston." He then turned to Mr. Ward, who at that time was treasurer of the American Board, and asked him to pray.

I am of the opinion that God gave to Mr. Moody just the training he needed for the special work—interdenominational and international—which he called him to do. It is not improbable that he would have been less effective as a Christian force if he had gone through one of our great universities, and it is well nigh certain that he would never have been more than an ordinary preacher if his training had been in one of our theological seminaries. It is a singular fact that when God wants a man of phenomenal power to lead a nation or the Church in some great emergency, he cannot trust the schools, but must train him in his own way. Washington and Lincoln never spent a day in college—

the one was called to found a nation, and the other to save it. Spurgeon and Moody were alike free from the stamp which colleges frequently give to men, and thus were the more ready to sit at the feet of the same Master who taught Peter, James and John how to be fishers of men.

In a word, I would say the secret of Moody's power was (1) in his consecration to the service of the Master. His life motto. like that of St. Paul, was, "This one thing I do." (2) His unwavering confidence in the Bible as the Word of God. He was unmoved by the unbelief of the times, but preached the Word with power, because he believed it with all his soul. (3) In his unusual common sense or practical wisdom. He seemed to see the fit thing to do as quick as lightning, by a sort of intuition, and his judgment of men and measures was rarely at fault. (4) Much of Mr. Moody's power I am persuaded was in his executive ability. He was a wonderful organizer. He was a master of assemblies. He controlled vast audiences as a general con-

trols his troops. If he had gone into the army as a private rather than in connection with the Christian Commission, he would have come out a general, for he was a born leader.

It is not possible to trace all the influences for good which have come from this one great man, but we may mention a few. In addition to the thousands who have been blessed by his sermons as they have fallen from his lips, perhaps a hundred times as many have also received a blessing as the printed page has carried these simple Gospel messages to every home in the land—yes, in divers tongues and many lands. Those Gospel hymns, which have been sung by millions in America and throughout the world, would not have been written but for the inspiring leadership of this man. It was due to him that the world has come to treasure the sweet songs of men like Bliss, Sankey, Stebbins, and the inspiring hymns of Fanny Crosby. How much the world would miss if all these Gospel songs were taken away from us! Then, too, we must not forget what Mr. Moody has done for the

Y. M. C. A. Can anybody tell how many of the splendid Y. M. C. A. buildings in our great cities were due to the inspiration of this one man?

But no account of Mr. Moody would be complete without mention of his crowning work—his great church at Chicago, which has been such a powerful force in that city, and especially his schools in Northfield. Feeling his own lack of culture, and knowing how nearly impossible it is for a poor boy, at the present time, to attend one of our Eastern colleges, he conceived the idea of founding two great schools, the one for boys and the other for girls, within easy reach of each other, and where, surrounded by the best religious influences, any worthy and plucky young person might receive an education. These schools, with their excellent corps of teachers and splendid buildings, have already sent forth hundreds of noble men and women, who, inspired by this great man, are now doing what they can—some of them as missionaries in foreign lands—to build up the Kingdom of God. May men and

women of wealth who knew and loved Mr. Moody be found to endow these schools, now that the master hand has been removed! What better monument to his memory could the Christian people of England and America build than by placing these institutions upon a firm foundation, that they may train an army of Christian workers in the coming years who shall go forth to bless the world!

How great a loss to the world is the death of this heroic preacher of righteousness! Who can be found to take his place? When I first heard that he had gone to his rest I said: "If the entire faculty of two of our great colleges should be taken away to-day, it would not be so difficult to fill their places as it will be to fill the place of this one man." Earth is indeed poorer, but heaven is richer, because he has gone to his reward. Let us recall what he said in one of his last sermons: "My brethren, when you hear some one say, by and by, Dwight L. Moody is dead, don't you believe it, for the Christian cannot die; he is immortal."

PART I.

MR. MOODY'S EARLY LIFE.



MR. MOODY WHEN HE LEFT HOME AT SEVENTEEN.

THE LIFE OF D. L. MOODY.

PART I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

The old farm house in which Mr. Moody first saw the light is yet standing in Northfield, Mass., and it is still occupied by Mr. Moody's older brother, George, whose son, Abner G. Moody, is the general manager of Mr. Moody's work at Northfield. In the old Family Bible, still well preserved, may be found among the "Births" the following interesting information in regard to Mr. Moody's parents:

"Edwin Moody was born November 1, 1800."

"Betsy Holton was born February 5, 1805."

And among the "Marriages":

"Edwin Moody and Betsy Holton were married January 3, 1828."

"The Plantation of Northfield" was bounded and staked out by a committee of the General Court of Massachusetts, over two hundred years ago, having been bought from the Indians in 1677. William Holton was a member of this committee, and from him Betsy, the mother of Dwight, was a lineal descendant, being five generations later. The Holtons were, therefore, among the oldest, if not the very oldest, settlers at Northfield, and the Moodys were also among the well known old families of that ancient town.

Dwight Lyman was born February 5, 1837, being the sixth of a large family of nine children. Four years later his father, who was a workingman—a mason—died while upon his knees in prayer at his bedside, and so suddenly that even his wife was unaware that he was in other than his usual robust health. He came home from his work in the morning with a slight pain in his side, and passed away soon after noon of the same day. A month later a boy and a girl were born, and the widow was



MR. MOODY'S BIBLE.

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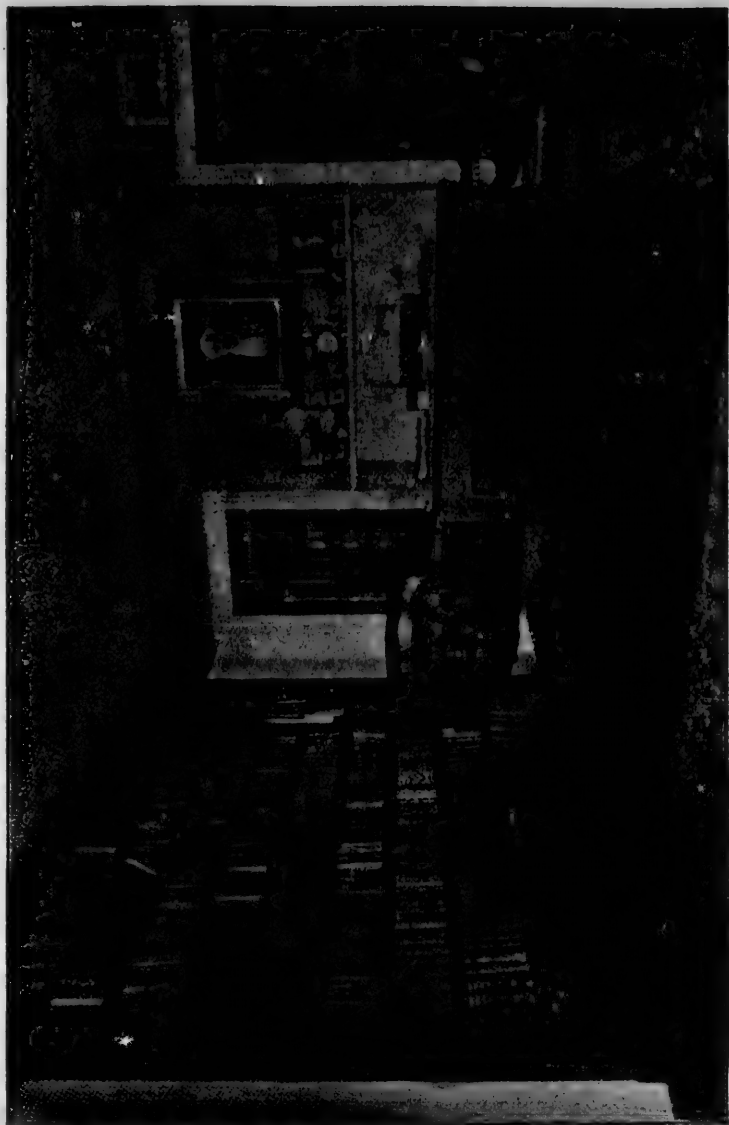
left with this family of nine, the oldest being only thirteen, and with nothing for her support but the old farm house and a couple of acres of land. What to do she scarcely knew. Neighbors told her to bind out her children, all but the twins, but she said no. She determined to struggle on and do the best she could till some of the children could help her, and this she did, and was at last rewarded by all the help she needed, and from those whom she had watched over so tenderly and anxiously all through her poverty and toilsome life.

Mrs. Moody was a devout Christian, and took no end of pains to teach her children the truths of the Bible as she understood them. Her pastor was the Rev. Oliver Everett, a Unitarian, but a faithful, conscientious man, and his controversies with his orthodox brethren were not as radical and sweeping in their effects as we find some of them nowadays. Pastor Everett believed in the Bible as the inspired Word of God, and in Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and in fact if he had known of the "Apostles' Creed"

as we have it nowadays, he would not have found much fault with it, although some of the dogmas of our present day orthodox belief might have bothered him quite as much as they do many other good people. On the whole, as Mr. Moody used to say, Pastor Everett was "not enough of a Unitarian to do much harm," and quite different from his successor, who was a rationalist of the most pronounced type. At one time he took young Dwight into his family to "do errands" for him and "go to school," all of which was a mere work of charity upon the good man's part, for he foresaw that Mrs. Moody would have more on her hands than she could well take care of. At school young Dwight distinguished himself, but not in the line of book lore. The very last thing that he wished to do was to study, and he never did it except at the urgent request of his mother, and then only *pro tempore*. He was of a generous nature, and though not vicious he was wilful and ungovernable, and the leading spirit in all manner of mischief and fun. More than once the trus-

tees threatened to turn him out of school, and his teacher, in despair, went to his mother and told her she knew not how to manage him. His mother was greatly troubled, and immediately took him in hand. She told him how hard she worked that he might become a good, useful boy, and how much she had loved him, and that it would grieve her beyond endurance to have her boy turned out of school because he could not or would not behave. There was nothing in the world that Dwight would not do for his mother. She had at that age an influence over him that no one else possessed. He broke down, and promised that he would go the next day and ask the teacher's forgiveness, and try hard to be a good boy, that he might not bring his mother into disgrace. And he was as good as his word. What passed between his teacher and himself the next day is never told, but he immediately relinquished his leadership in mischief and applied himself faithfully to study. He worked hard, but it was his last term at school, and he was seventeen years of age, and

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MR. MOODY'S LIBRARY.

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it was too late for him to receive the advantages of such an education as he might easily have acquired if he had made this resolve earlier. The time had come when he must leave school and go to work to help support the family.

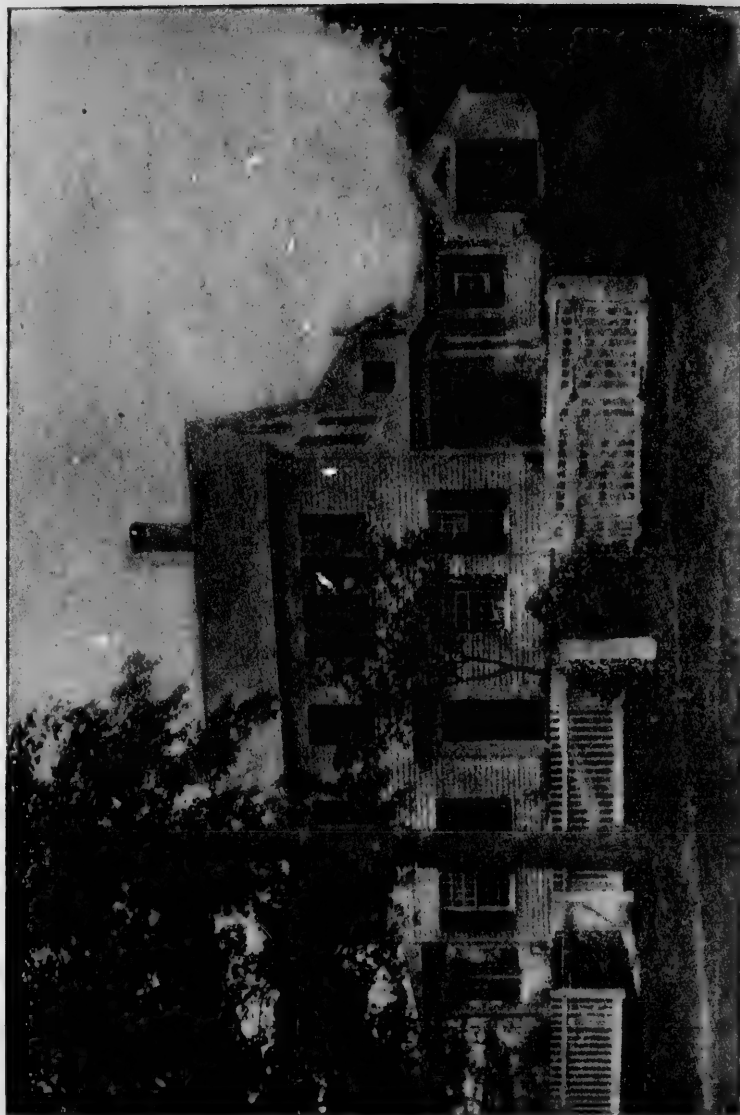
MR. MOODY'S BOSTON EXPERIENCE.

He first went to a brother, who held a clerkship in a store at Clinton, but meeting with no success here, he went on to Boston, where he had an uncle, Samuel Holton, in the boot and shoe business. His uncle had heard of him as the ringleader of all the mischief at Northfield, and did not offer to take him into his store. The green farmer boy was not appreciated in Boston, and he soon found out that it was one thing to be a leader among the boys at Northfield, and quite another to have any influence in a great city like Boston. At the end of a week he was thoroughly discouraged and tired out looking for a place. But his pride, although hurt, was by no means entirely broken, and he made up his mind that he would walk to New

York and see if he could not succeed better. His younger brother Lemuel, who also lived in Boston, at whose house he had been staying, asked if he had tried to get a situation at his uncle's—referring to Uncle Samuel. "No," said the wilful boy. "Uncle knows I am here looking for a situation, and he may help me or not, as he likes." Lemuel gave him some greatly needed sound advice. He told him in no very flattering terms that modesty was sometimes as necessary as courage, and gained his consent to state the case frankly to his Uncle Samuel, who, by the way, was a good hearted sort of a man, and rather disposed to help as soon as he saw a chance and became convinced that he could safely do so. The result was that young Dwight was asked to call and his uncle gave him a clerkship in his store upon two conditions. First, he must board where his uncle chose to have him, and not to go out nights into the streets or to any places of amusement without first securing his uncle's consent; and secondly, he must go every Sunday to the Mount Vernon Church and

regularly attend the Sunday school. This was a wise precaution. Mr. Holton had himself come to Boston when about the same age as his nephew now was, and he knew the temptations and allurements such a city would offer to a young man of the temperament and habits of young Dwight. He was bound to act conservatively, and therefore imposed one more condition, to wit, his nephew was to be governed by his uncle's judgment rather than by his own while in his employ, which was a hint that young Dwight understood, that duty and obedience to his superiors would be insisted on, and compelled if necessary.

Dwight was ill fitted for city life, but he was a keen observer of human nature, and he soon sold more boots and shoes than any other clerk in the establishment. But his ungovernable temper and his habit of "pitching in" and fighting his way out sometimes brought down the whole establishment in an uproar, and his uncle had great difficulty in managing his best salesman. Gradually he became more tractable, and



MR. MOODY'S BIRTHPLACE.

by and by he applied for admission to the Mount Vernon Church, where he was kept for six months on probation before he was allowed to enter. This came out in a characteristic way when, years afterwards, as Rev. Dr. Savage, of Chicago, informs us, an incident occurred during Mr. Moody's second visit to England, at which time he took good natured revenge upon one of the deacons who had thus kept him so long from joining the Church. It was at one of his great meetings in Exeter Hall, and he espied his old friend sitting in a corner away back under the gallery. The good man, traveling for his health, had seen the notice of the meeting, and, partly out of curiosity to see what the man could do, he attended the service, taking a seat where he thought Mr. Moody would not see him. But just before closing the meeting, to his surprise Mr. Moody exclaimed:

"I see in the house an eminent Christian gentleman from Boston. Deacon Palmer, come right forward to the platform; the people want to hear from you!"

The deacon shook his head, but Moody was inexorable; so there was nothing for it but to accept the situation and face the audience. He commenced by saying that he had known Mr. Moody in Boston in early life; had been, in fact, a member of the same church with him, and was very glad of his great success in the service of the Lord; when Moody suddenly burst out with the remark,

"Yes, deacon, and you kept me out of the church for six months because you thought I did not know enough to join it."

The effect of such a speech under such circumstances can be better imagined than described. But the deacon was too old a speaker to be silenced by such a retort, although he found it difficult to be heard on account of the laughter which followed it. The audience, he said, must agree with him that it was a great privilege to receive Mr. Moody into their church at all, even though with great misgivings and after so long delay!

HIS EARLY LIFE IN CHICAGO.

In 1856 Mr. Moody moved from Boston to Chicago, where he found a situation as salesman in the boot and shoe store of a Mr. Wiswall. Mr. Wiswall relates of him, "I received him at first with great misgivings on account of his impetuous and rash manner, but afterward I found these qualities in his case rendered him popular with my customers, who rather liked his bluff and hearty manner." And he adds, "As a salesman he was always the same zealous, faithful and tireless worker that he afterward so notably became in religion." In those early days in Chicago, Mr. E. W. Hawley was associated with him, and it is to him that I am indebted for much of the personal intelligence that I am able to give from this point. One of Mr. Moody's first activities in a religious way, after arriving at Chicago, was to hire four entire pews in Plymouth Church, of which he was a member, and keep them full of young men every Sunday. At the revival and prayer meet-



MOODY AND HIS CLASS AT FARWELL HALL.

(Mr. Moody is at the left. Mr. Farwell stands at the right with the tall hat).

ings he became a leader, and talked with so much freedom that even in Chicago, and at that early day, he frequently brought himself into trouble. He was as thoroughly in earnest in the prayer meeting as at the salesroom, and there was a pungency and directness in his exhortations oft-times that his brethren did not altogether like—especially those who stood nearest the spot where the shot struck. Even in his public prayers he would sometimes confide secrets and express opinions to the Lord in such a confidential and yet open way that he was finally advised to confine his attention to keeping his four pews filled with young men, and leave the speaking and praying to them, or to those who were more discreet than he. He did not neglect the four pews, but they could not furnish him enough work and he began to attend a Sunday morning class also in another church—the First Methodist Church—where he could express himself in prayer more to his own mind without undue offence. Still finding time upon his hands for more work, he found a deserted saloon

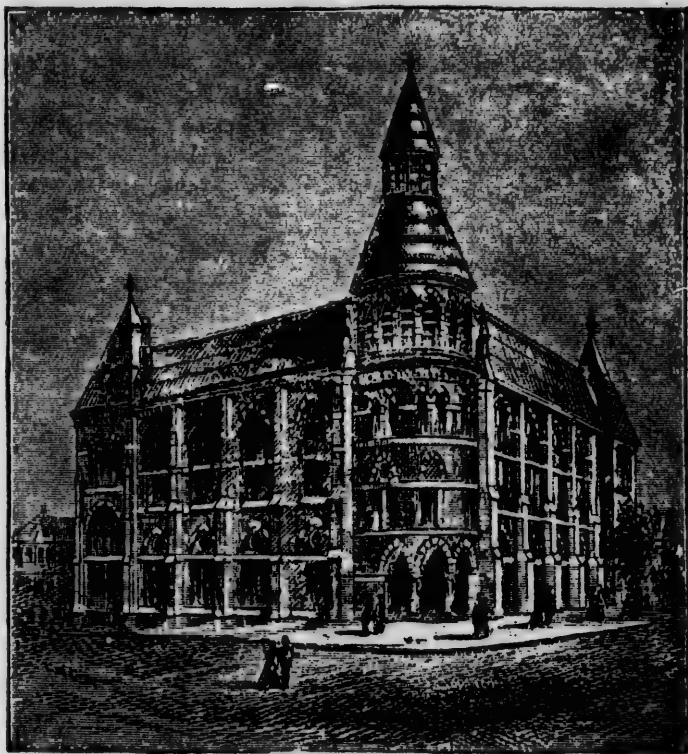


MR. MOODY'S NEW TABERNACLE.
(Built immediately after the great Chicago fire).

near the North Market and rented it for a Bible class on Sundays. In this work the well known merchant J. V. Farwell helped and supported him. The place swarmed with youth of the vilest habits, so far as drinking and gambling were concerned, and there were more than two hundred such dens of vice in the immediate neighborhood.

This was just the kind of work and the class of pupils that young Dwight wanted, for he longed, like his Master, to save those who were lost. His success in this venture was phenomenal, and it was not long before the great pressure of pupils demanded more room, and by permission of the Mayor his school was moved to the great hall over the Old North Market.

In October, 1871, Chicago was visited by a terrible calamity. The great fire laid in ruins an area four miles long and a mile wide. Mr. Moody's home, Farwell Hall, and his church, all went down in the flames. He at once went to work to raise funds for a new place to hold Gospel services, with the result that he was en-



MR. MOODY'S CHICAGO CHURCH.

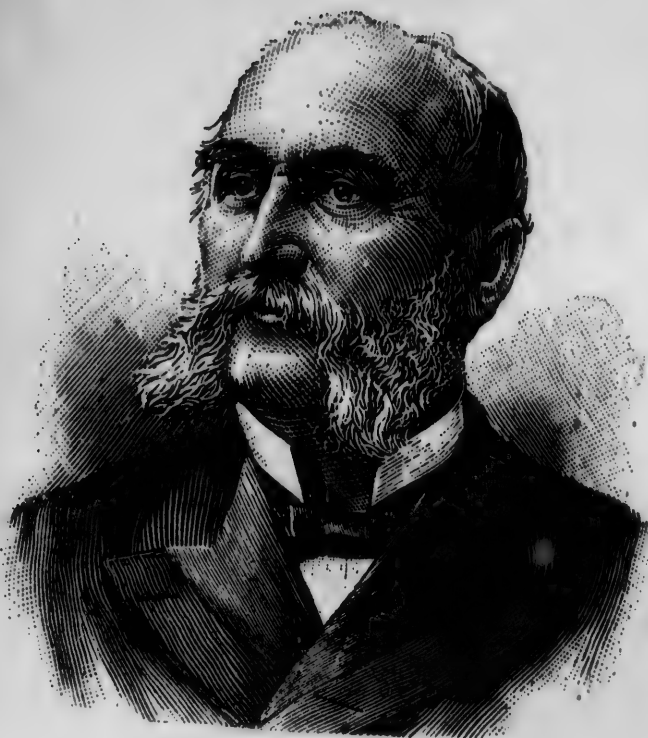
abled soon to build the new Tabernacle, and in this work he was greatly assisted by our good Rev. Dr. Cuyler, and his people in Brooklyn, as also by Mr. John Wanamaker and Mr. George Stuart of Philadelphia. The new Tabernacle was built to occupy an entire block of ground, over a hundred feet in length and seventy-five in width. The great enclosure was built of rough timbers and boards in the midst of the burned district. The house was filled to overflowing, and its success was such that it led to the establishment of the beautiful new church which is the crowning success at Chicago of this wonderful career of the greatest evangelist of modern times.

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PART II.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

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IRA D. SANKEY.

PART II.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

Mr. Moody's acquaintance with Ira D. Sankey commenced in this wise. Mr. Moody was leading the religious exercises at a Young Men's Christian Association at Indianapolis at a prayer meeting appointed for seven o'clock in the morning. The meeting was too slow and dragged, and not to Mr. Moody's liking, especially the singing. Everything was sung in a long meter and slow time, and dragged along even worse than the rest of the service. It happened just at that time that Mr. Sankey entered the room, and one of the elders who knew his gift in that direction invited him to lead the singing. The result was that the entire tenor of the meeting was changed, and what promised to be a failure turned out to be a great success. At the close

of the meeting Mr. Moody at once approached him, and his first inquiry was:

"Where do you reside?"

"In Newcastle, Pennsylvania," said Mr. Sankey.

"I want you."

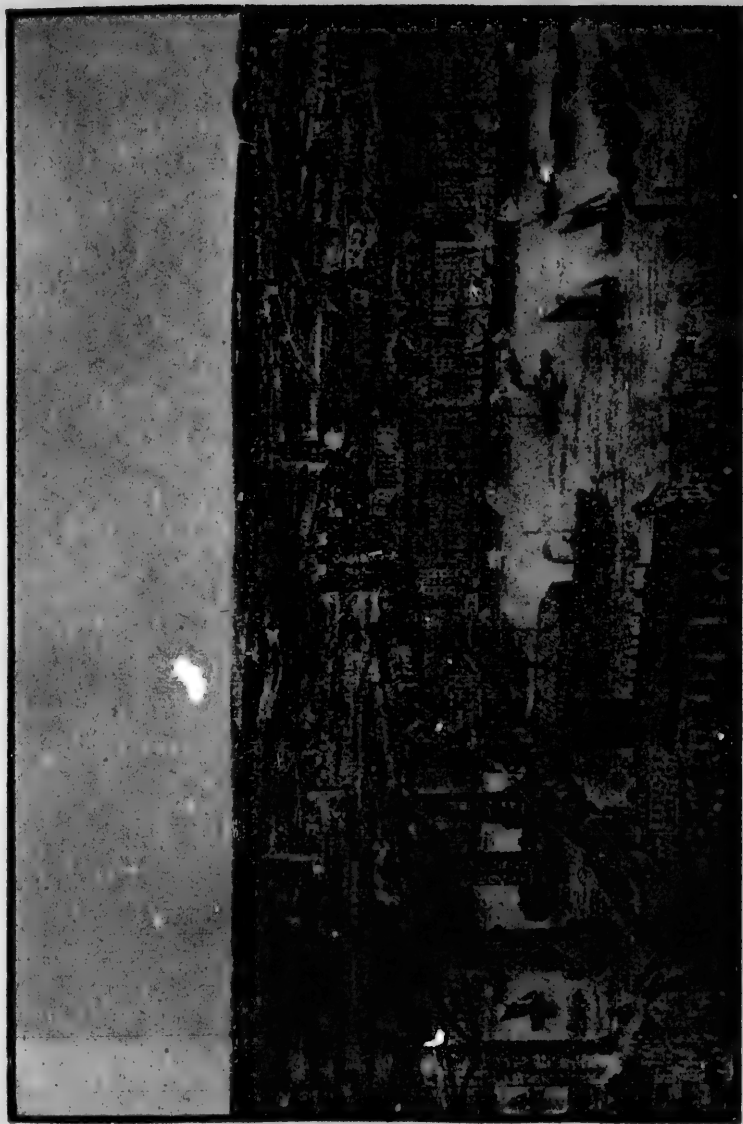
"What for?"

"To help me at Chicago and elsewhere at my work." Mr. Moody spoke as one who would take no denial.

"But," said Mr. Sankey, "I do not see how I can leave my business."

"You are just the man I have been looking for during the last eight years," said Mr. Moody, "and you must come. Give up your business, and go back to Chicago and work with me."

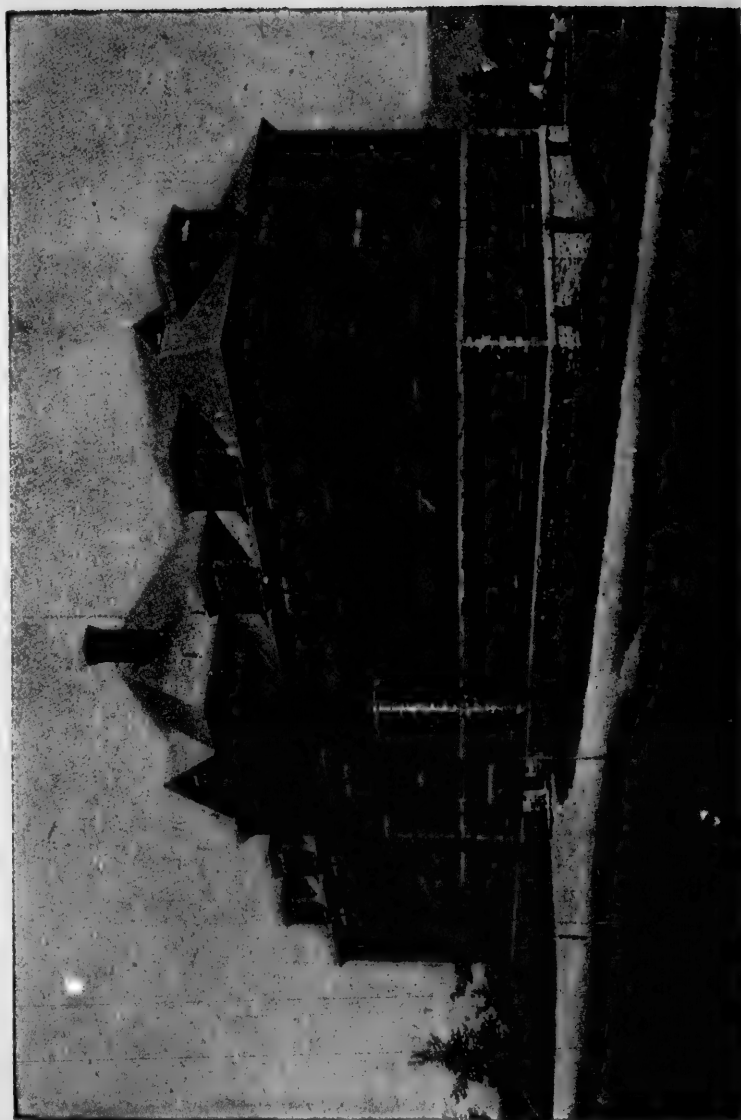
The result was, after consulting his wife and those with whom he was interested in business, he gave up his business and cast in his lot with Mr. Moody. They held other meetings in Indianapolis, at which Mr. Moody preached and Mr. Sankey sang, and the more they worked together the better they liked each other, and the



NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

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good results seemed to indicate that it was just such a union as was needed to accomplish the most good. For an entire week they worked together in prayer meetings, in Sunday schools, in saloons, and drinking dens, speaking and singing as occasion served; and in all these various labors they were themselves refreshed and much good was accomplished. This was about six months before the Great Fire, which occurred in October, 1871. The great calamity which overwhelmed that portion of the city where Mr. Moody's mission had been located so deranged his plans that he went for a tour to the Atlantic coast, and Mr. Sankey returned for a time to his family in Pennsylvania. But no sooner was the new tabernacle erected in the midst of the ruins than these two brethren returned and commenced their work again together, taking up their lodgings in ante-rooms of the great rough building, and giving themselves day and night to comforting the bodies and trying to save the souls of the unfortunate people who thronged this place of refuge.



CROSLEY HALL—MOODY SEMINARY, MOUNT HERMON.

During a whole year Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were busy visiting various localities, preaching and singing and leading souls to Christ. Mr. Sankey's solo singing was not wholly an innovation. That "great singer," Philip Phillips, of New York, so well known afterward, before his sudden tragic death, as the author of many beautiful hymns and tunes, had introduced this method some years before Mr. Sankey began to sing with Mr. Moody and accompany the preaching with his beautiful voice. Many were delighted and some were shocked, but the results were evidently acceptable to the Lord in the bringing in of souls to the kingdom, and so all opposition was hushed and Mr. Sankey was known and appreciated wherever Mr. Moody preached. He afterward accompanied this great evangelist to Europe, of which I will speak fully hereafter.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

First, however, here are one or two interesting incidents that happened in Chicago, and

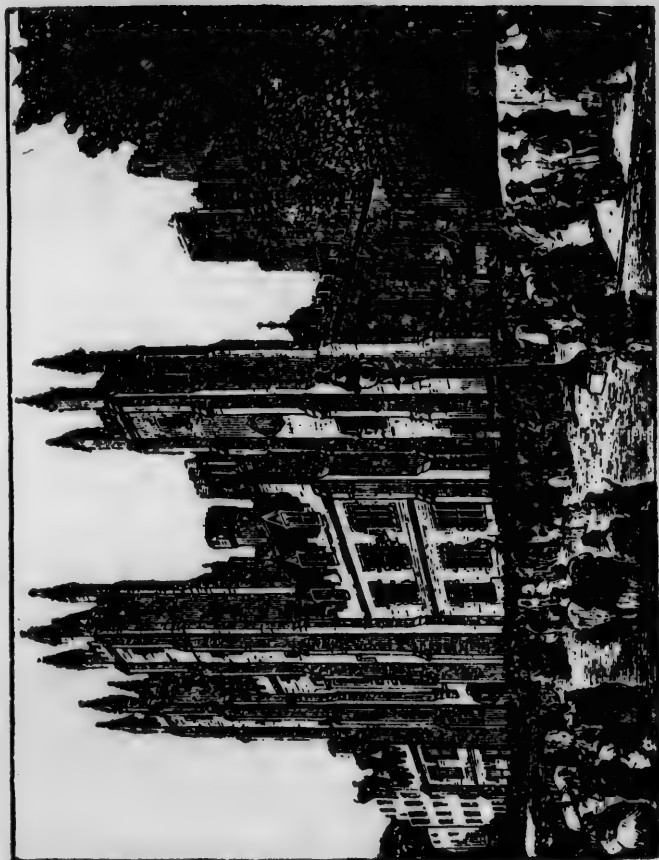
which are related to me by Mr. E. W. Hawley. Mr. Hawley was the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association while Mr. Moody was its president, and as such a constant companion and worker with Mr. Moody for fifteen years, and from him I have received much personal information in regard to Mr. Moody. He relates numerous interesting incidents, among which I have room for but two.

It will be remembered that during Mr. Moody's early labors in Chicago he was called upon to speak in Sunday school conventions, chiefly on account of his experience in ways of reaching the masses of neglected children in great cities. He knew how to do this thing better than any other man in the West, and, in his blunt way, he could talk greatly to the instruction and sometimes not a little to the amusement of his audience. For several years he filled up little niches in the program—willing to do anything, however small, to help on the cause of his Master. But in the spring of 1861 he was thrust to the front on a certain occasion, and in

the sudden emergency he learned more fully how to use the power which had so long been growing and slumbering in him.

The committee of the Sunday School Convention for Bureau County, Illinois, had written to Chicago for speakers, and it was arranged that several brethren should go down and help them. But when Mr. Moody reached the place, coming from some other appointment, he found that none of the "distinguished speakers from Chicago" were on hand, and there was no one to speak except his friend, Mr. E. W. Hawley, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who, like himself, was reckoned one of the lesser lights in the Chicago constellation. Great things were expected from the Chicago men, and an entire afternoon on the great day of the meeting had been set apart to hear them. "If ever two poor fellows were frightened," Mr. Hawley tells me, "it was Moody and I."

About two o'clock on a cold March morning they reached the city of Princeton, where the convention was held. It was too early to sit up

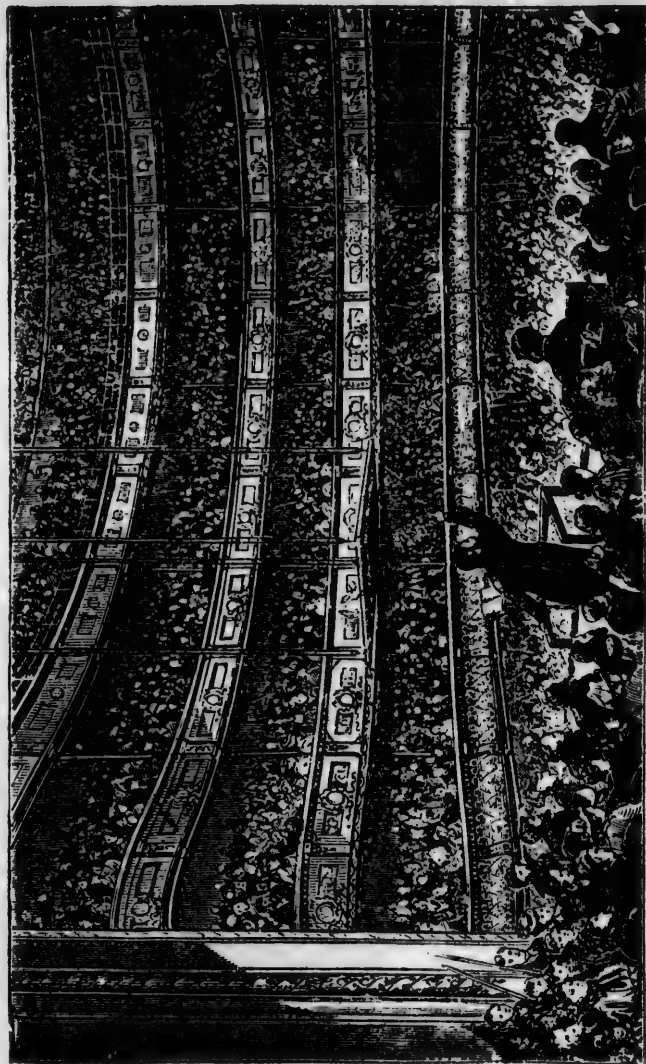


ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH.

and too late to go to bed, and so, shivering with cold and trembling under the load of responsibility thus suddenly laid upon them, they took a room, not for sleep, but for prayer. During the rest of the night they asked God for power and guidance, and in the morning he says "both of us felt the smile of heaven warming and gladdening our souls."

The morning session passed off in humdrum style, with fussy debate on trifling questions, all of which caused Mr. Moody and Mr. Hawley to realize the importance of giving a more spiritual turn if possible to the work of the afternoon. And so, trembling, but earnestly asking for divine help, they reluctantly started for the large church, which they reached in due time, and where they were to try and fill the places of the "distinguished brethren from Chicago." Close to the church was a public school room, which Mr. Moody engaged for the afternoon.

"What do you want that for?" asked his friend.

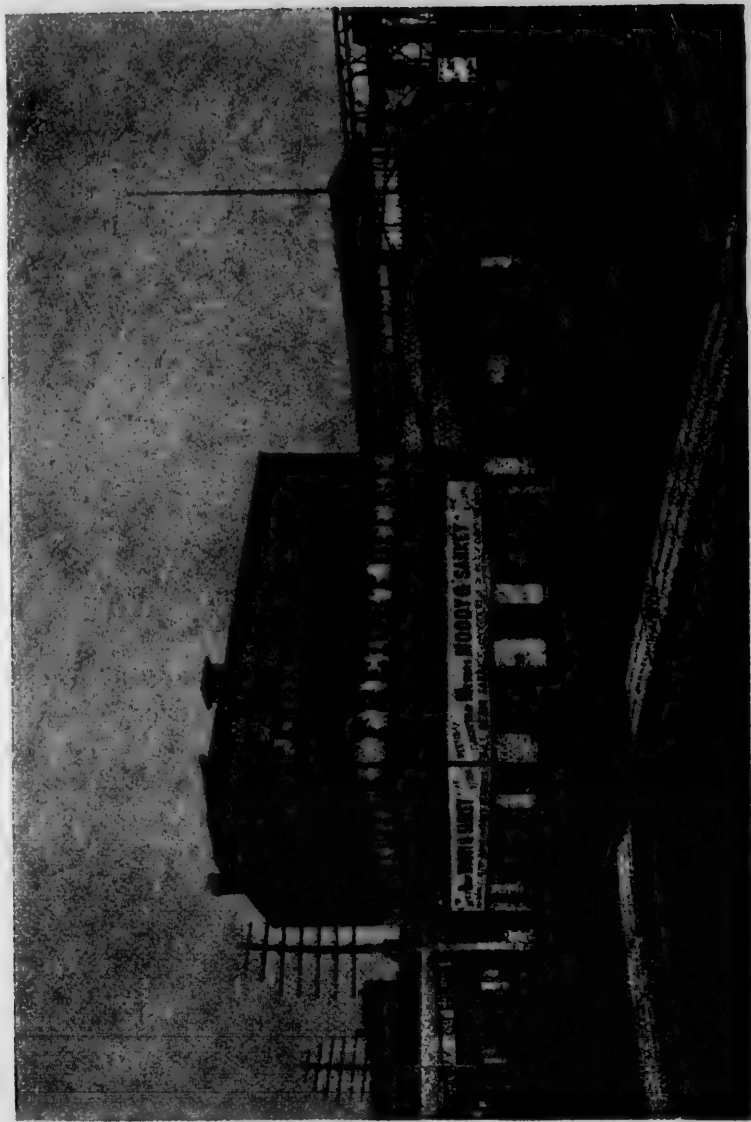


MR. MOODY, PREACHING IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

"I want it for an inquiry meeting after we get through," was Mr. Moody's reply.

Mr. Moody requested that Mr. Hawley speak first while he prayed for him; they were then to change places, and Moody was to speak while Hawley prayed; and so the meeting began. A great congregation had come to hear the "distinguished speakers," but the two young men trusted in God and went ahead.

After Mr. Hawley had spoken for about twenty or twenty-five minutes to an attentive and appreciative audience, then came Mr. Moody's turn. Soon he had the entire audience in tears. He seemed like one inspired, and pictured to them their need of Christ to help them. He pointed out to them the awful sin of doing their work as Sunday school teachers in a careless and worldly way, and after an address of three-quarters of an hour, which seemed almost like a wild mountain torrent, he called for those who wanted to find Christ now to meet him at once in the school room next door. Great numbers of inquirers accepted his invitation, and



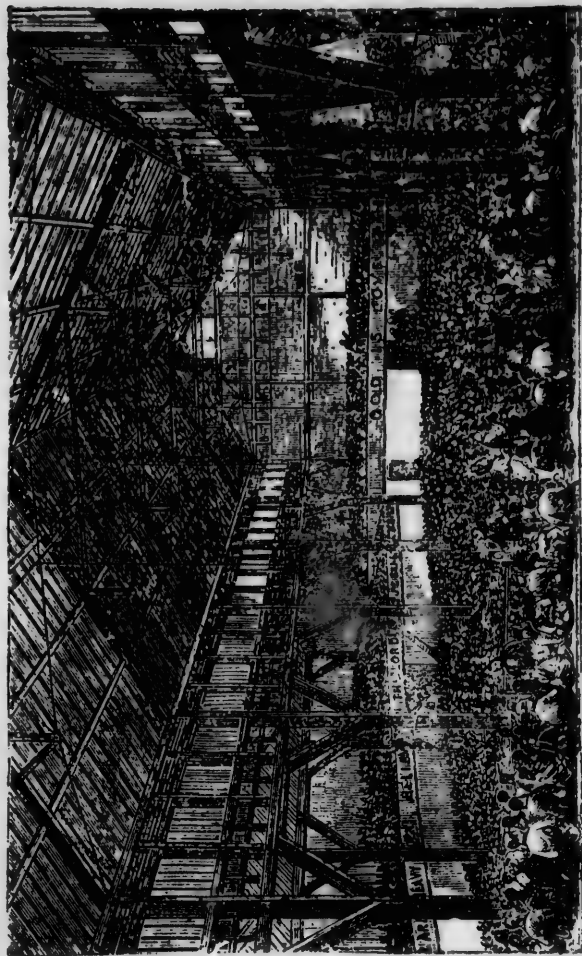
OLD FREIGHT DEPOT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, PHILADELPHIA.

Moody and Sankey held their meetings in this immense building which was capable of accommodating 13,000 persons, on many occasions several thousand were unable to gain admittance.

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many of them professedly found the Saviour before leaving the place.

This was the beginning of a widespread revival in Bureau County; for all the delegates carried the spirit of that wonderful meeting home with them, and gave their hearts and hands anew to their work. It was also the beginning of a new life for Mr. Moody. He had found and taken hold of a hitherto unknown spiritual power, and from that day he went everywhere rejoicing and confident in the strength of God. With perfect abandon he threw himself upon Christ and into his subject; and, carried forward irresistibly on the tides of heavenly love and sympathy, he swept along triumphantly, persuading multitudes of penitent sinners to go along with him, and offering them in prayer to the Saviour as trophies of his divine grace and power. This way of acting and speaking by special inspiration led him sometimes to do seemingly strange things, though afterward they generally proved to be useful and right in practice.



CUMBERLAND HALL.

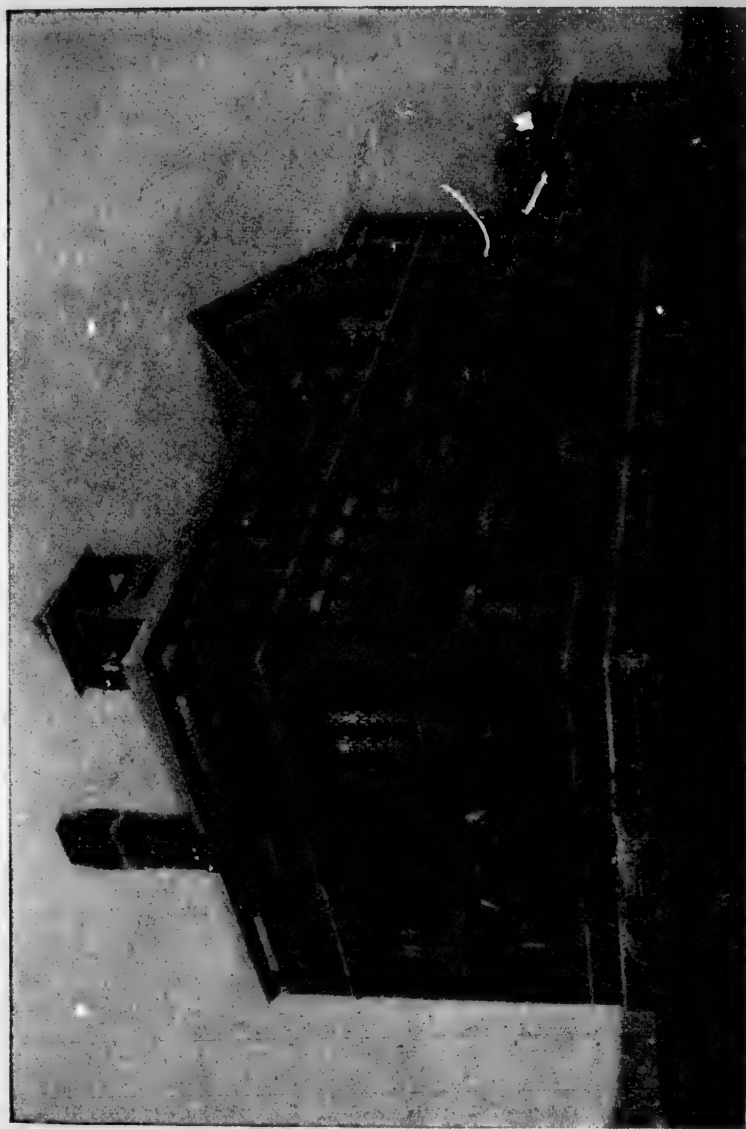
At another time Mr. Hawley relates that upon one of his rounds of meetings in the State of Indiana, he was riding in the wagon of a quiet Christian brother, who was taking him to his next appointment, when they passed a little school house which was closed for the day. Asking his friend to stop at the dwelling nearest to it, he stood up in the wagon and hailed the house. A woman came to the door, and Mr. Moody asked if there were any religious meetings held in that school house.

"No, indeed," answered the woman, "we haven't any meetings anywhere about here."

"Well," said Mr. Moody, "tell all your neighbors that there will be prayer meetings in that school house every night next week."

At the next house they found the teacher of the school, to whom he gave the same announcement, and asked her to send the notice by all her scholars, which she seemed well pleased to do.

As they rode on, the brother who was conveying him seemed lost in amazement. He knew



RECITATION HALL—MOODY'S SEMINARY, MOUNT HERMON.

that this strange man had a long list of appointments in advance, and could not personally attend those meetings he was giving out. At length he said,

"Mr. Moody, you are telling all these people that there are going to be prayer meetings in that school house every night next week. Who is going to conduct them?"

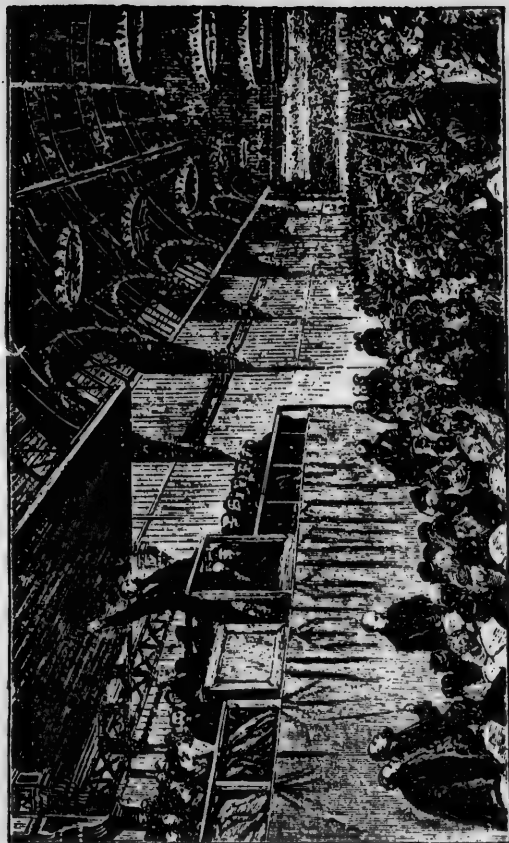
"You are," said Mr. Moody.

"I?" said the man, in astonishment, "I never did such a thing in my life."

"It's time you did, then," said Moody. "I have made the appointment and you will have to keep it."

Thrust out into the work in this strange manner, the good brother actually went and conducted the meetings. They filled the little school house to overflowing, and resulted in a great revival of religion throughout all that neglected country.

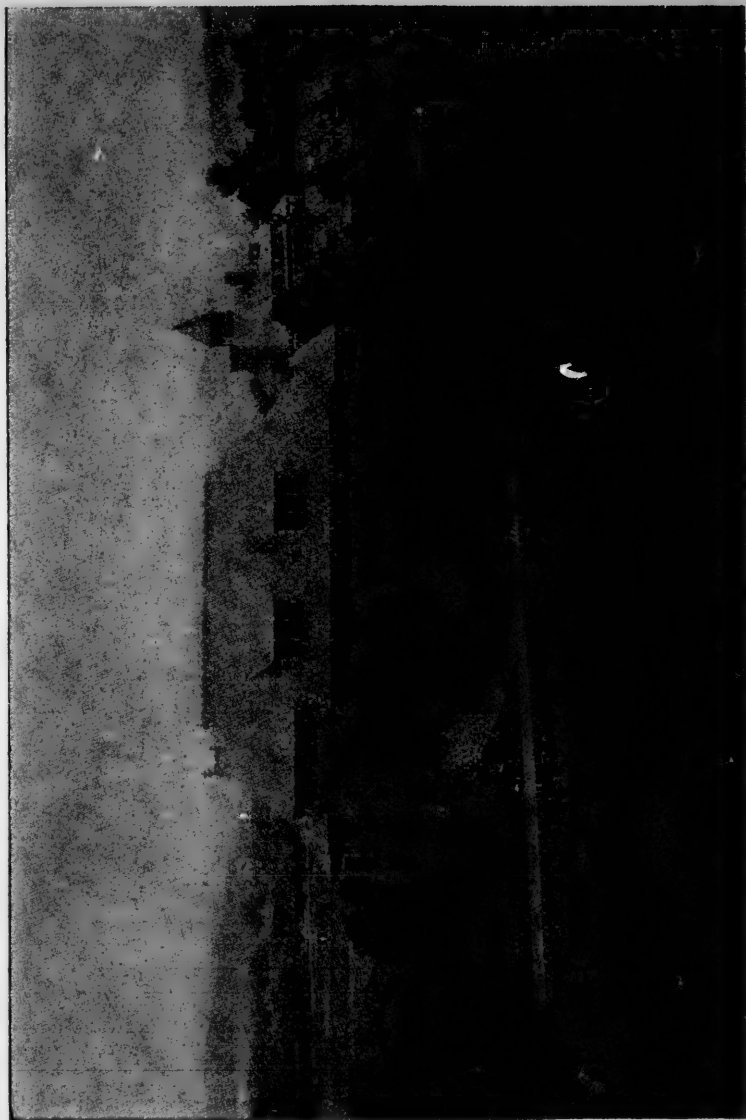
In 1872, Mr. Moody, with his family and Mr. Sankey, left for Great Britain. At first he was not appreciated. It was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne



MR. MOODY PREACHING IN AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

that Mr. Moody may be said to have commenced with the determination of setting himself right and conquering the prejudices against him upon the Continent, being continually hindered and hampered during his first visit and all along up to the present time in bringing the message of the Gospel before the people by a want of confidence, especially among the ministers. In fact, he himself, admitted that they had not done much in York and Sunderland "because the ministers opposed us." But he declared they were going to "stay right here in Newcastle-upon-Tyne" until they had succeeded in living down not only the prejudices of the clergy, but of all good people who did not seem to understand them.

He was assisted in this respect greatly by the pastor of the John Knox Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Lowe, who had heard Mr. Moody in Sunderland, and other places, and who was very favorably impressed with him. He happened at one time to come into the meeting at the very moment Mr. Moody was directing many in-

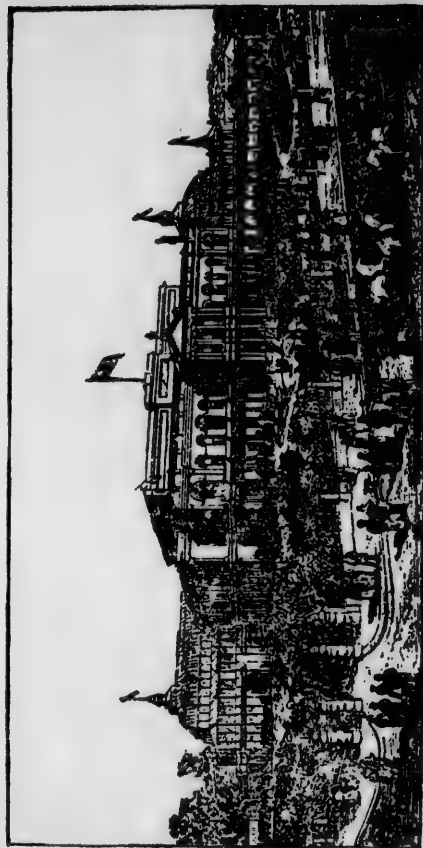


SKINNER GYMNASIUM, NORTHFIELD.

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quirers into a separate room for personal conference. Mr. Moody always remembered a face, and he instantly called out to his friend the Presbyterian pastor, "Here, Brother Lowe, go in and talk to all those inquirers. There are a good many of them and you will have to talk to them as you would to a little congregation of your own." This introduction was especially fortunate both for Dr. Lowe and also for Mr. Moody, and as soon as he had finished his work in Sunderland, Dr. Lowe arranged that Mr. Moody should commence his labors at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

In accordance with this arrangement five of the principal chapels of the old town were immediately placed at Mr. Moody's disposal, and meetings were held in all of them during the first week, sometimes in one and at other times in two or three at the same time, but the audiences were not large until Mr. Moody finally secured the Rye Hill Baptist Chapel, which is immense, although the attendance there at that time was usually very small. Soon this

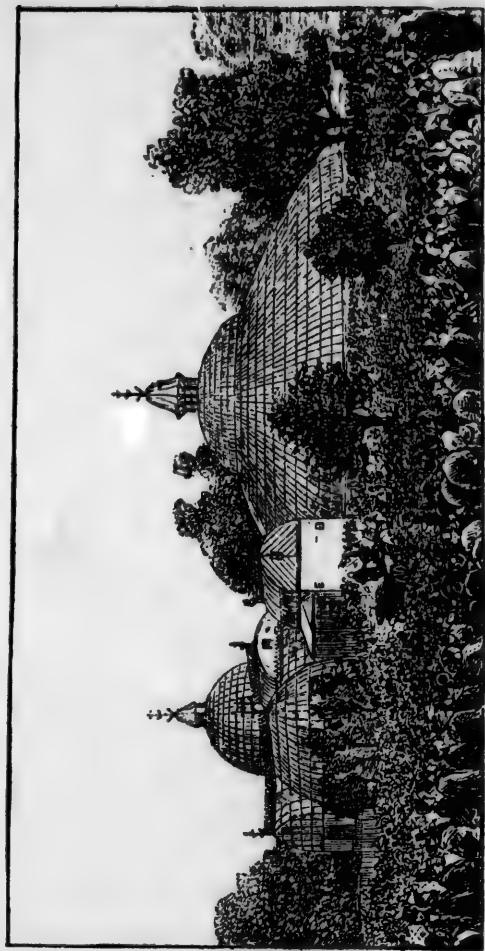


EXHIBITION HALL, DUBLIN.

great chapel was filled, and vast crowds began to be turned away for want of room, until they became so great and the religious activity so intense that it seemed almost impossible to accommodate them all. Indeed, the impression which Mr. Moody made during that visit in Newcastle-upon-Tyne was far-reaching and extended out among the villages and over the country for a great distance in every direction. In Newcastle-upon-Tyne the result of this visit of Moody and Sankey was electric. The prayer meetings were completely changed in character and interest. One of those who witnessed this change tells us that there was nothing so remarkable in this entire revival at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as the utter demolishing of the old-fashioned prayer meetings and their methods and the substitution of the evangelistic form.

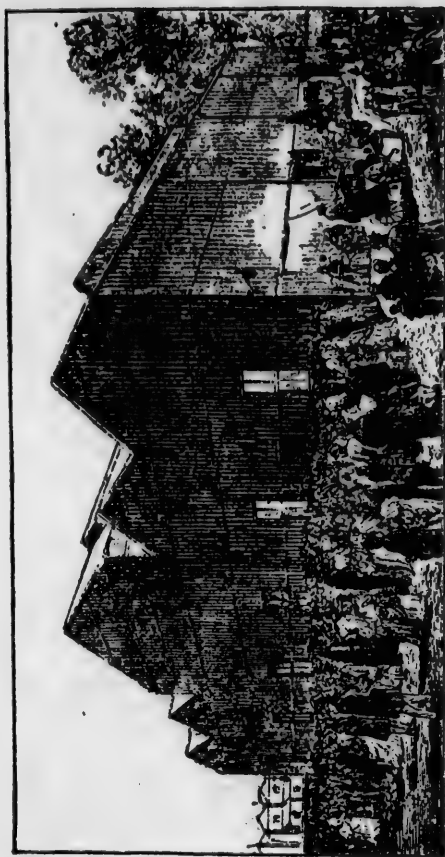
SOME INTERESTING CHICAGO INCIDENTS.

The news of the great work at Newcastle-upon-Tyne spread like wildfire throughout Scot-



THE FAREWELL MEETING, CRYSTAL PALACE, GLASGOW.
(Mr. Moody is speaking from his carriage in the centre of the crowd).

land, and awakened the greatest possible interest, especially at Edinburgh, which, as is well known, is the centre of Scottish religious life. Mr. Moody received from some of the clergy an invitation to come and hold meetings in that great city—the capital of Scotland. He said to himself, “What good can such a man as I am do among those great doctors of divinity and noted divines?” But he went right forward, and after holding services in several of the churches, the great Assembly Hall was thrown open to him, and one of the most wonderful series of meetings were held there that Mr. Moody has ever been privileged to hold anywhere. The whole populace were soon talking about Mr. Moody’s preaching and Mr. Sankey’s singing; and by the way, the latter was quite as much of an innovation among those old Scotch worshippers as the former. In some quarters at first there was decided opposition manifested, as the singing was not in accordance with the old Scottish custom and traditions. But few of the



CUMBERLAND HALL, BUILT IN LONDON FOR MR. MOODY.

psalms were sung, and some of Mr. Sankey's singing was in a style which reminded one of other and less religious places than the churches and customary places of worship. But worse than all was that abominable and sinful "*Kist fu' o' whistles*" with which Mr. Sankey accompanied his voice, and which had been voted down and out of all the churches for hundreds of years. This was an innovation which it was at first exceedingly hard to tolerate, and more than one gray haired elder, when they sang the well known words,

"Oh, may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound,"

was shocked beyond measure by the instrumental accompaniment, and felt like the good Scottish brother whose chorister attempted to introduce a violin in his service without permission, and who even ventured to modestly suggest that if Watts and David had only been up to date, the hymn would probably have read:

"Oh, may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

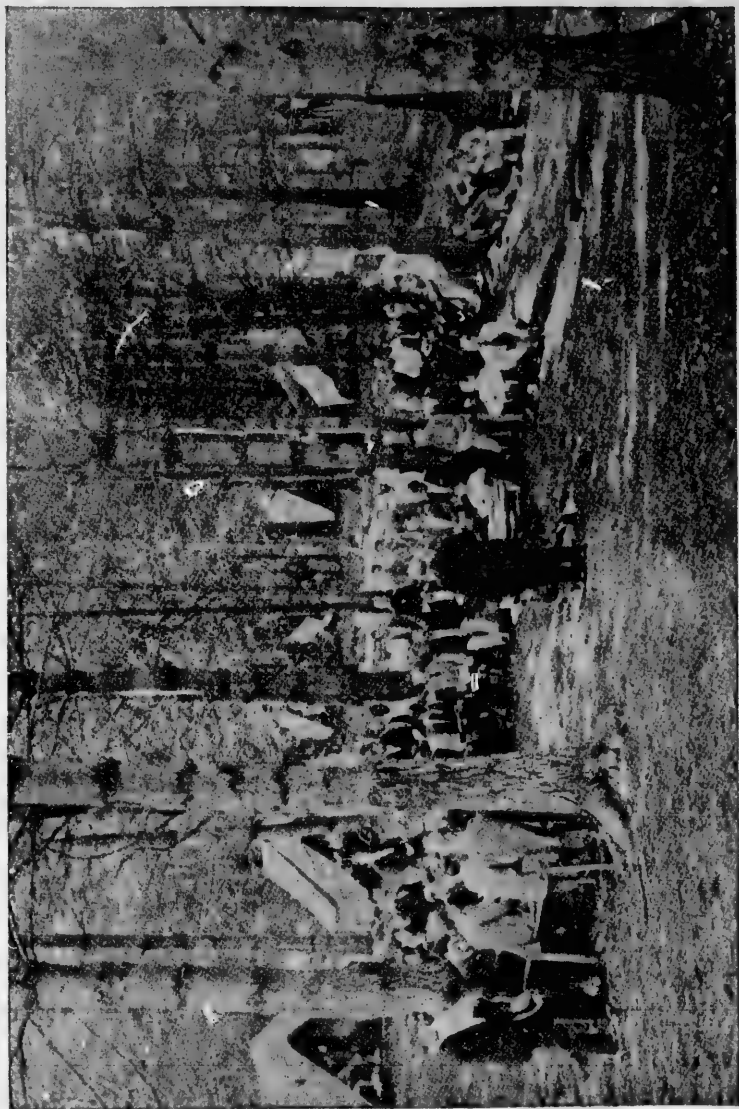
Instantly the aforesaid good old brother quietly suggested this further amendment as being more "up to date," and hence more appropriate:

"Oh, may my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like Uncle David's old red fiddle."

But even a Scotchman is after all merely a creature of habit, and it is wonderful how soon the most prejudiced yielded and came to like the "new style" of singing at these evangelistic meetings of Moody and Sankey. In spite of all their prejudices they were convinced that the good work was genuine, and so they prayed, "God bless Scotland and make these evangelists from America helpful in awakening a revival of true religion." The same glorious victory Mr. Moody had achieved in Newcastle-upon-Tyne was destined to be experienced here in Edinburgh, and the great gatherings of Assembly Hall grew more and more in favor each

day and increased in numbers and in spiritual power.

At Glasgow the great Kibble Crystal Palace in the Botanic Gardens was utilized for Mr. Moody's meetings, and although it will comfortably seat six thousand, it was not only constantly filled to overflowing, but the platform was often full of Scotland's most eminent men from among the clergy and evangelists from every direction and all denominations. The last meeting was one of the most memorable that ever took place upon the Continent. The Palace could not begin to contain the crowd that came, and when Mr. Moody arrived the vast throng was estimated at fully fifty thousand people. Mr. Moody, always quick in an emergency, determined not to alight from his carriage, but was driven to as near the centre of the crowd as possible and stood in his carriage while he preached to the multitudes. Even at this disadvantage Mr. Sankey's clear voice was heard by nearly all as he sang that beautiful hymn commencing "Nothing but leaves." At the close of Mr.



MR. MOODY ADDRESSING CAMP NORTHFIELD.

Moody's sermon he asked all earnest inquirers after the better life to meet them in the Palace, and the great building was completely filled with those who wished for prayers and spiritual conversation and advice.

It was during Mr. Moody's work at Chicago that the Civil War occurred, and one of the greatest marvels of those days was a genuine revival of religion among the Rebel prisoners—about ten thousand of whom had been taken at Fort Donelson and brought to Camp Douglas, which was transformed from a camp of instruction into a prison. Mr. Moody was impressed with the thought that these poor men needed the means of grace fully as much as the Union soldiers; but to gain access to them was a matter of extreme difficulty. One day he succeeded in obtaining a permit to visit them as a clergyman, which he gave to the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, his friend Mr. Hawley, and as it was toward evening took along a can of kerosene oil "to light up with," hoping that in the capacity of a servant he might

be allowed to pass the guard along with his more clerical looking friend. But the guard would not let him in, and it was of no use, though Mr. Moody exhibited his can of oil, and declared that he was going with the other gentleman simply "to help along the meeting." He would not take a refusal, although at the point of the bayonet, and at length the earnest discussion was overheard by an officer, who come up to see what was the matter, and recognizing Mr. Moody, took him to headquarters, vouched for his being "all right," and obtained a pass for him to go in and hold meetings with the prisoners as often as he liked. Soon, to Mr. Hawley's great joy, he rejoined his friend "the clergyman" in the prison. They announced the purpose of their visit, and the men, being both surprised and pleased, crowded around them, while they read the Scriptures, exhorted and prayed.

We have not room here to speak of Mr. Moody's great work in Ireland, but at Belfast, Londonderry and at Dublin the scenes we have described in Scotland were enacted over again.

At Dublin the large Exhibition Hall was not large enough to contain those who wished to hear him, while the great mass meetings in the open air will be long remembered by those who attended them. His motto was "All Ireland for Christ," and it seemed as if all Ireland was stirred from center to circumference by the wonderful power that accompanied Mr. Moody's preaching.

In March, 1875, Mr. Moody commenced his great work in London. In the north quarter of London, the single point of Islington contained at that time about three or four hundred thousand souls. The largest structure there is the great Agricultural Hall, and under its immense roof of iron and glass Mr. Moody found just such a spacious inclosure as he wanted. His congregations there were limited only by the possibility of hearing the preaching and the singing, and every available seat near the platform was occupied long before the services commenced. The great Haymarket too was filled, and immense meetings were conducted there.

PART III.

MR. MOODY'S LATER LIFE.



MR. MOODY STARTING ON HIS MORNING DRIVE.

PART III.

MR. MOODY'S LATER LIFE.

The Royal Opera House in the Haymarket, and Camberwell Hall, were among the last of the largest places in London where Mr. Moody held evangelical services. The great hall was in South London, and was an immense building, having seating accommodation for fully eight thousand people. This hall was erected expressly for Moody and his work. It was almost always filled to its utmost capacity, and during the last days of his visit, such immense crowds came rushing together, that it was with difficulty that they were accommodated or even restrained within the bounds of safety. At one time the doors were actually burst open by the pressure outside after the building had become full, and such was the force exerted by the

crowd to push their way into the hall, that fears were entertained for the structure, substantial as it was. Quite a panic seemed imminent for a moment, but Mr. Moody, as usual, was fully equal to the occasion. He soon restored quiet and then calmly proceeded with the meeting as if nothing unusual had happened.

AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

The Royal Opera House was also transformed for the time being into a sanctuary. The place had for a long time been in disuse by reason of some financial and legal difficulties, and it was secured with some trouble at first, but for the purpose to which Mr. Moody put it not a voice was raised in opposition, and the long rows of galleries — tier above tier — were constantly crowded to their utmost to hear him. The first or grand tier by time-honored custom had always been reserved for the nobility, and it was noticed that this was usually quite as full as the rest. The Princess of Wales came regularly to



NORTHFIELD SEMINARY BUILDINGS.

hear Mr. Moody, as did also the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Teck, Princess May, and many of the rest of the nobility. Since his great meetings at Newcastle-upon-Tyne there seemed to be no prejudice against him, either among the clergy or the educated laity and nobility. Mr. Moody himself observed no difference in the matter of his sermons and exhortations, whether to the rich or to the poor. The only difference was in an almost unconscious adaptation of style and gesture and the choice of words to carry the same meaning to audiences of widely different culture. Although in his addresses he made no pretensions to oratory, few speakers were more varied or impressive in their manner of delivery. Some of his friends were greatly exercised and disturbed lest his preaching might not have the same effect among the scions of wealth and fashion when he came to address audiences like that in the Royal Opera House and elsewhere among the educated and refined. But Mr. Moody never shared their anxieties and perplexities upon this head. He

knew that the same Gospel was adapted to all classes, whether among the nobility or among the common people, and the precise manner of presenting it was to him a secondary consideration and one which would adapt itself to the occasion and the audience. To him it mattered little whether his hearers rode in their own carriages, emblazoned with their coats of arms and insignia of station, or were from those among the lowly classes. His complete forgetfulness of self and his genuine sincerity and earnestness in preaching the Gospel of his Master to all alike won for him the respect and confidence of all. Among the cultivated and educated classes of noblemen and ladies he stood forth conspicuously as a lover of mankind and a Christian, and the fact that he was not a profound scholar was forgotten or overlooked in their admiration for genuine excellence of character, combined with real genius and sincere piety. All London, including members of the royal household, went frequently to hear the Bible readings and exhortations, and became interested in his ad-

dresses illustrating the love of the Saviour of mankind to sinners. Mr. Sankey, too, came in for a share of the great awakening, and his sweet hymns and songs soon became familiar and increased the interest in the revival or religious fervor throughout the British isles. Many of the wealthy aided materially in carrying on the work, and it is stated upon what is considered good authority that fully one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were spent in this way. At the same time these meetings were being held in the Haymarket, at the West End, large gatherings were also holding meetings at the Bow Road Hall in the eastern portions of the city. Mr. Moody used to attend both of the great meetings the same day, and the moment he had finished his address at the great Opera House, the fastest conveyances took him over to the hall at the east portion. While his addresses always converged to the same result—that of bringing men to the Saviour—there was an instinctive effort to choose his language to fit the audiences. He may not even have been



MEMORIAL HALL, NORTHFIELD.

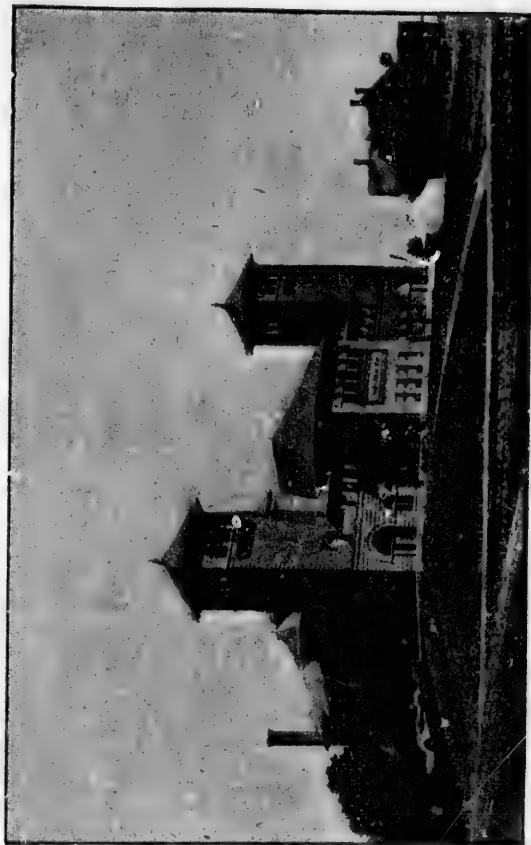
aware of it himself, but those who are well versed in such matters could not help noticing that before the West End audiences of highly cultivated and refined people, the few graces of manner and diction which he possessed were here brought out to the best advantage; but on the way to the East End, where the people were comparatively uncultivated and more primitive in their manners and ways, his old abandon and careless, hearty manner was sure to reassert itself and adapt his addresses to the style of his hearers' everyday converse. This wonderful adaption and accommodation of his manner and methods seemed intuitive to him.

For instance, if the audience was one composed mostly of women, many of whom were manifesting a tenderness and reverential sorrow and grief for wayward children or unconverted husbands and fathers and brothers, he would be all sympathy, and mingle his sorrow and grief in such a genuine manner with theirs that there was no mistaking it. He would ask Mr. Sankey to sing such hymns as "Safe in the Arms

of Jesus," "Ninety and Nine," or some other comforting selection, while perhaps the very next hour, when the men came rushing in pell mell, and crowding each other in their effort to find comfortable seats, he would instantly seem like one transformed, as he really was, and suit himself to the occasion both in the style of his address and in the selection of the words and music. Frequently at such times he would electrify his audience by calling for "Hold the fort," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," and such stirring words and music, and the moment the music ceased he would throw himself almost bodily into his intense desire to lead his hearers to the Saviour. So intense was the feeling to see and hear these evangelists, and to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel they preached, that it seemed as if all London was talking about their methods and their wonderful success. The papers were full of it, many writers wondering how it was possible for such unlearned and common men to accomplish so great a work, and good men and women generally rejoiced in the

spiritual power manifested, and thanked God that these men had been raised up and sent forth as laborers in the world's great harvest. An almost ludicrous incident happened in regard to the Bishop of Canterbury, who felt moved to explain that from what he had heard of Mr. Moody and his work he had no doubt that much good was being accomplished ; in which, of course, all Christians must rejoice; but he did not feel that it was at all in accordance with his sense of the high dignity of his sacred office to sanction with his official recognition and approval such very irregular proceedings, or to advise his clergy to co-operate with Mr. Moody in carrying them out. The fitting reply came from an unexpected quarter and from another eminent official of the Church in these words:

"I think it rather presumptuous for our Archbishop to talk about sanctioning the work of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. I should as soon think of asking him to sanction the kindly rain that falls upon the parched fields after weeks and months of drought."



THE AUDITORIUM, NORTHFIELD. — (Seating Capacity, 2,500).

Mr. Moody's methods here were the same as those which had so captivated and disarmed the prejudices of the clergy at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

MR. MOODY'S AGGRESSIVE AND STIRRING
METHODS.

One of the brethren who attended the regular meetings for prayer both before and after Mr. Moody came, remarked that nothing was so remarkable as the complete change that had come over the manner of conducting these meetings since the arrival of the evangelists. "Formerly," to use his words, "there would enter the solemn minister and solemn people, scattered — six — eight — ten — over a great area. A long slow hymn. Long portion of the Word. Two elders pray two long prayers, in which they go from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, and a great deal farther.

"Now we have full meetings. All sit close together. The singing is lively, new songs, new tunes. A few words from the minister give the

keynote. Prayers are short. A few texts from the Word of God are frequently interspersed. Brief exhortations. . . All this comes from our brethren from America. Why have we not found out how to conduct a prayer meeting before? We in this country have been bound hand and foot by traditions. In the far West of America, at Chicago, for instance, there were no traditions. The only people that had traditions there were the Indians. These brethren seemed to have thoroughly solved this question of prayer meetings for us, and we thank them."

Mr. Sankey traveled throughout Great Britain with Mr. Moody, visiting every large city. As we have shown elsewhere, they made their first tour of England in 1873. The largest meetings they ever held in Great Britain were those in Agricultural Hall, Islington, where during the first week the congregations averaged about eighteen thousand persons, and in the Royal Opera House, London. The largest meeting they ever held in this country was probably that in Philadelphia in John Wanamaker's old build-

ing, where the audience was estimated at from twelve to fifteen thousand.

MR. MOODY'S WORK AT NORTHFIELD.

Mr. Moody came back from Europe and threw himself into the Gospel work in his native country. His great work at Chicago and elsewhere is well known. He wished to work in regular line with the churches and not outside of them. That was made evident most emphatically a few years ago when it was proposed to raise a so-called "Northfield Emergency Fund," designed to send out student volunteers as foreign missionaries, when the regular denominational board could not send them for lack of funds. People who have known him for many years and heard him speak frequently said that they had never heard him throw more earnestness into his address than when he was combatting this idea. He said he would not receive money for this purpose, nor would he have anything to do with independent missionary work apart from the regular authorized channels. Said he: "You



TALCOTT LIBRARY, NORTHFIELD.



STONE HALL, NORTHFIELD.

cannot find a better set of men on this continent than those in the American Board. You cannot find a better set of men than those in the Presbyterian Board. Where can you find a better man than Robert Speer? Where will you find a man that is doing better work than Bishop Thoburn in India? Any man that is working as he is in India we will help. Dr. Clough is also doing a magnificent work there. We are in hearty sympathy with these regular boards." And he went on to state that it was a mistake to send money for missionary purposes outside the regular authorized channels. In this connection he gave some sound advice about pledging one's self to become a missionary. He affirmed that God does not want everybody to go to China or India. No man is fit to go to India if he can go anywhere else. When he feels "Woe is me if I do not preach the Gospel in India," then it is time for him to go. People come to a missionary meeting and get stirred up and pledge themselves to go to a foreign field under the influence of flaming speeches, when Mr.



EAST HALL, NORTHFIELD.



WESTON HALL, NORTHFIELD.

Moody thought they had better stay at home and do God's work where they were better fitted to do it. He did not want his son, or any other man's son, to get all stirred up and then say, "I am going to India or Africa." He wanted God to call him and not a convention. "When he gets further along in his studies and sees what he can do," said Mr. Moody, "if the Lord calls him to India or China or Africa, or anywhere else, I will say with all my heart 'Go, and God bless you!'"

In 1879 Mr. Moody made it known that he had for some time been impressed with the idea of founding a school for those in the humbler walks in life. This resulted in establishing the Northfield Seminary for Girls, and was the beginning of an educational work which has developed with wonderful rapidity. In 1881 he founded the Mount-Hermon school for young men and boys. Then his unflagging energy caused him to turn his attention toward the need for similar institutions in the West, and in Chicago, by his untiring effort, he started the school

known as the Bible Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, which together with the numerous buildings at Northfield, would almost make up a town of themselves. Of late years his summer schools—in which many a minister and lay evangelist has gained a new inspiration for his work—have gained for him the gratitude of all those who have come within the sphere of his influence.

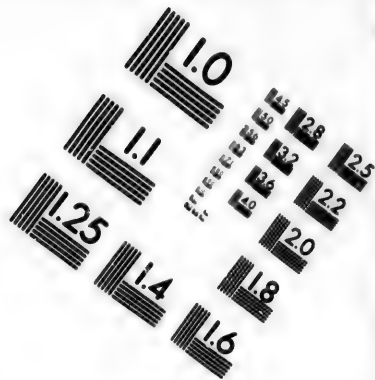
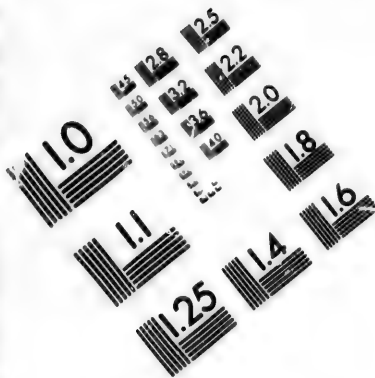
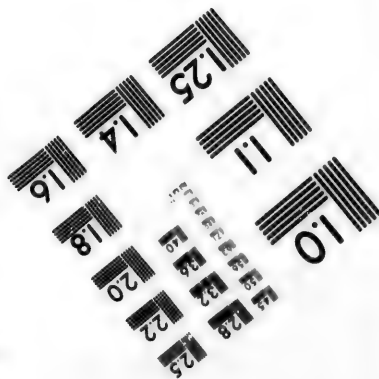
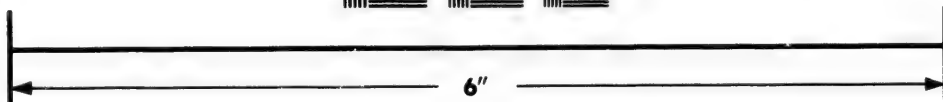
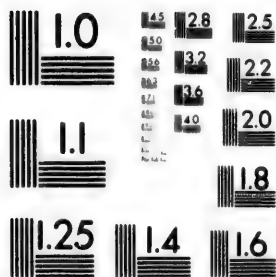


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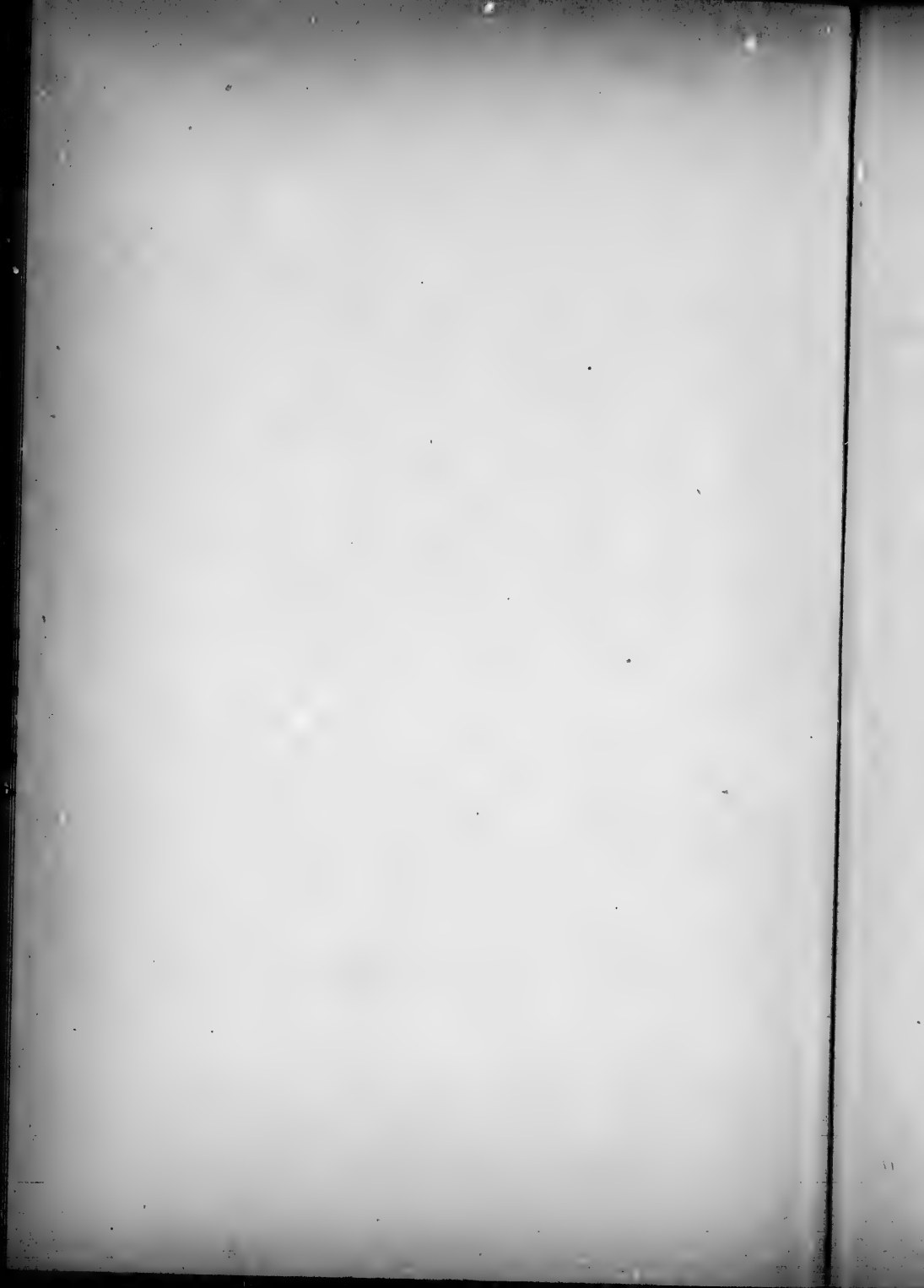


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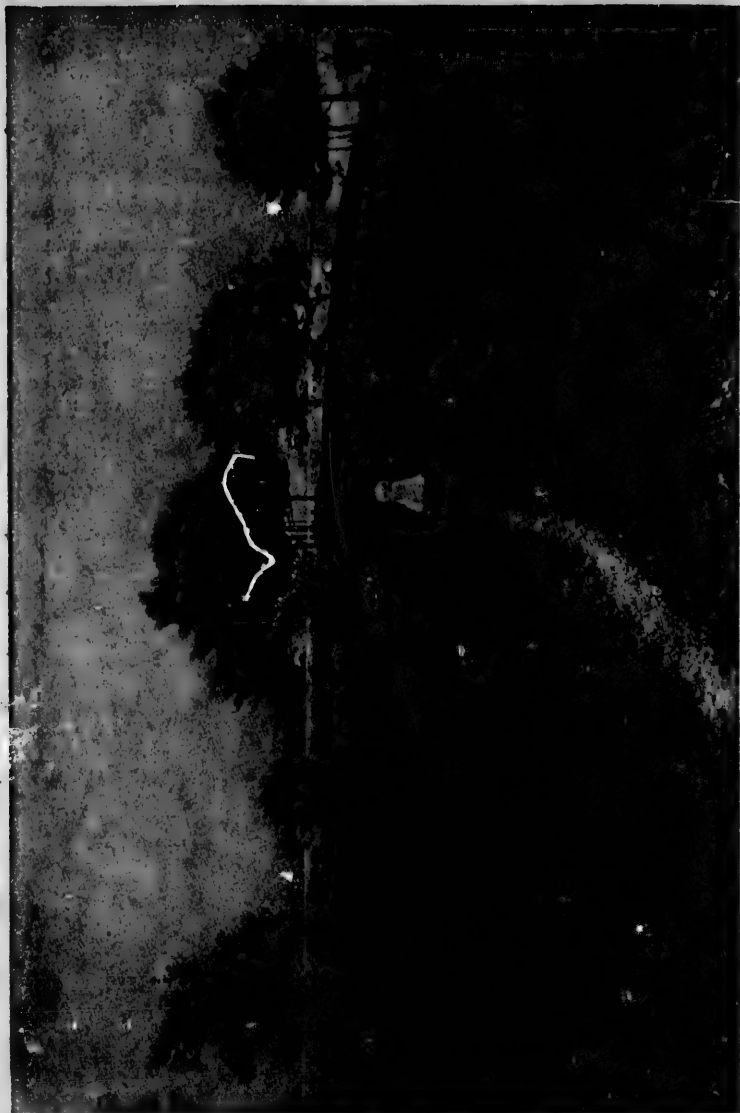
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PART IV.

MR. MOODY'S DEATH.



"ROUND TOP," NEAR NORTHFIELD—BURIAL PLACE OF MR. MOODY.

PART IV.

MR. MOODY'S DEATH.

The Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., called on Mrs. Moody the next morning after the funeral of the evangelist, and from her own lips heard the full and unique narrative of her husband's dying hours. Dr. Pierson writes: I have seldom heard such a story of Christian triumph. Toward the very end, he seems to have passed into a sort of trance, when the breath seemed to have stopped, and from which he awoke, to tell his dear ones that he had "been within the gates," and seen the beloved ones who had gone before. He said, "This is not death, this is bliss; there is no valley. Don't call me back!" Three short phrases may well be engraven as on marble:

"Earth is receding; Heaven is opening; God is calling."



And he left earth's scenes for ever.

A unique feature of these dying moments was

MR. MOODY'S WILL.

He said: "I have always been very ambitious, not to lay up wealth for you, my children, but to bequeath to you a work to do. Will, I leave to you Mount Hermon; Percy (Mr. Fitt, his son-in-law), to you the Institute (Chicago); and to you, Paul, in a few years, the Seminary." The question was asked: "But how about mother?" "Dear mamma," he responded, "she is like Eve—the mother of us all." Everything was as calm and peaceful and natural as though he were going off on a journey, and were meanwhile committing matters to the care of others.

There was no struggle: straightway after his last words were spoken he passed away, at noon, into his Lord's presence; and the most marked religious personality America has known in this century has thus passed away.

It is not strange that every word spoken at his funeral was attuned to

THE KEYNOTE OF VICTORY.

The family were all as calm and composed as if no unusual event were occurring. They were upheld in the Everlasting Arms, and it was beautiful to see what God could do for them in this terrible and sudden bereavement. I have often before seen grace triumph, but never more conspicuously. Heaven came down to meet and kiss earth. As Mr. Moody's body lay in its casket in the church, a beam of sunshine stole in at the window and curiously rested on his face and nowhere else—and, by some still more curious effect, possibly of the framework of the window or some intervening obstacle, the light as it fell on him showed the form of a cross distinctly visible from the platform. It was a

THOROUGHLY CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

Not a note of sadness or despondency, but triumphant throughout. Dr. Schofield, pastor of the Congregational Church, made the main ad-

dress, from two phrases in II. Cor. v.: "We know"—"We are always confident." Then brief addresses followed by Dr. Weston (President of Baptist Theological School), Bishop Mallaleen (M.E. Church), Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, William R. Moody, Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, John Wanamaker, and myself. A large bier had been made, and the body was borne to "Round Top," where so many "sunset" meetings have been held, and from which point the Mount Hermon buildings and Seminary buildings, Mr. Moody's birthplace, schoolhouse, and home, can all be seen. On the highest point of this hemispherical hill the body was laid to rest.

PART V.

AN APPRECIATION.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

STORIES AND ANECDOTES.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY REV. GEO. F. PENTECOST, D.D

To write of D. L. Moody and his work one would better be content to do it in a paragraph, unless he were permitted the limits of a book. I am not to write of his work—that is known and read of all men the whole wide world over; but a little of the man himself as I have more or less intimately known him for the past twenty years, and that little I am writing here in Northfield, where the spell of his great personality is still upon me—for we cannot yet realize that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more. Had he lived in the early days of Israel's trials in the land the Lord God gave them he would have "judged Israel" and delivered them out of the hand of their enemies. He was a man of the stamp and character of Gideon; whose latent powers were known

only to God; who, when called and chosen, knew only to believe, to obey, to dare, and to do. He was judge, prophet and preacher to the people of God during the later third of the closing century. By him and his crude and sometimes rude, but always eloquent, speech, God in our day wakened up a sleeping Church as truly as he did in the days of Luther and Wesley; Moody's name will go down bracketed with theirs in all coming time.

Mr. Moody was one of the most widely and best known men of his generation. The world, and even the Church, nay, many of those who counted themselves his intimate friends and were closest to him in his work, only knew the outside of the man, or at least only that which lay a little below the surface of his personality. For, in spite of all his brusque, hearty and frank ways, Mr. Moody was the most reticent man I ever knew. Not Cromwell himself more perfectly concealed himself from those about him than did Mr. Moody. It was here in Northfield, which he loved better than any other spot on

earth, in the seclusion of his own home that he was best known, and only so far by those whom he admitted to the privacy of his home life. To them he would talk of the beauties of this place, of his plans for future work ; with them he would read and study the Bible ; talk of other men and workers, but of himself, never. To his fellow townsmen, with whom from a boy he was brought up—being but the son of a poor, struggling widow—he was ever the kind and thoughtful friend, but never the familiar companion. In early life he was to them “Dwight Moody;” for 25 years past he has been Mr. Moody, only and always. For 25 years past few, if one of them, have ever familiarly laid hand upon his shoulder.

One of the marked characteristics of the man was his strong practical common sense, and, in the main, fine and quick knowledge of men. He would instantly detect a “crank,” though he sometimes failed to discern a fine, helpful man or woman under a modest exterior. He lived in almost mortal terror of being imposed upon

or of having people, men or women, fasten themselves upon him with axes to grind. Once, in the Boston tabernacle, sitting in his private room, just before going on to the platform, an usher came in and said, "There is a man without who wishes to see you." "Well," said Moody, "I have no time to see him now." "But," replied the usher, "he says he must see you on very important business." "What kind of a man is he?" "Oh, he is a tall, thin man with long hair." "That settles it," said Moody; "I don't want to see any long-haired men or short-haired women." He rarely made a mistake in selecting his lieutenants, though he often dropped them for no apparent reason, and always without explanation. He simply ceased to call upon them for service. In the management of meetings he was without a peer. He almost instantly knew whom to shut off, and, with a shrewd remark or pointed story, how to tide the course of an open meeting over shoal places without disturbing the harmonies. In the organization of great meetings or campaigns he

was a past master. Nothing escaped him; and he knew how to hold his lieutenants responsible for attention to details upon the carrying out of which much of his success depended.

In action—i.e., in the thick of a great religious campaign, he was something of a martinet. I remember a little scene between him and the able secretary and manager of his London committee, Mr. Robert Paton. It was 11 o'clock on a Saturday morning. Mr. Moody had suddenly changed the plan of campaign for the following week, and he wanted fresh tickets ready in time to distribute to his five thousand workers who would assemble early the next (Sunday) morning at the 7 o'clock workers' meeting. "Paton," said he, informing him of his change of plan, "I want 50,000 tickets (handing him copy) ready for the workers' meeting to-morrow morning." "Impossible!" said Paton. "Why impossible?" asked Moody. "Why," replied Paton, "this is Saturday and 11 o'clock. All the printing establishments close down work at noon to-day, and even if they did not, 50,000 tickets could not

be prepared in a half a day." They argued the point a few minutes, and then Moody turned upon his heel with the remark, "Paton, it must be done." Mr. Paton looked blankly for a moment at the huge retreating figure, and then went out of the room like a shot; and in two minutes he was in a cab tearing down to the printing establishment. I do not know how it was managed, but the 50,000 tickets were distributed the next morning to his 5,000 workers. Thus it ever was with Moody. Once in a critical time, during the early building operations up here, Mr. Marshall, his general superintendent, said that it was absolutely necessary before the end of the week that a large sum of money be had. That afternoon Mr. Moody took train for New York. He came back the next day with the money. He did not borrow it! Moody, of all men I ever knew, could do things, and he did them. As I heard one of his close friends only yesterday say, "He always got there!" "And Abraham went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan

he came." That was characteristic of Mr. Moody. What he went forth to accomplish, that he accomplished.

Mr. Moody's reverence for all things sacred or divine was almost extreme. I never heard him so much as make a play upon Bible words or phrases, nor would he tolerate such use of God's word in his presence. A Bible conundrum or application of Scripture to point a jest or joke was absolutely tabooed with him. He once rather sharply rebuked me for naming Peter as the "shortest" man in the Bible because he confessed that "silver and gold have I none." He was a Puritan of the Puritans in respect of the "Sabbath." He would not ride on a street or steam car, even to go to a meeting at which he was to speak. Large, and unused and disinclined as he was to walk, I have known him to walk miles, at great cost of strength, rather than even to be driven in a private carriage. And yet he would send his "gospel wagon" scouring all over the Northfield hills on a Sunday morning, to bring the poor farmers and their

children to church. In this he did not impose his own conscientious scruples upon others. It goes without saying that he had no sympathy with or even toleration for the "higher criticism." To George Adam Smith, two summers ago, when that distinguished scholar was his guest up here at his Northfield convention, he said, "Smith, what is the use of talking about two Isaiahs when not half of the people have discovered that there is so much as one?" That was a shrewd and practical remark, and illustrated his point of view. "I believe in the old Bible as it is—from back to back," was a common saying of his.

In the hours of his relaxation, and especially in his vacation time, he was as jolly and genial as any man I ever knew. He had a strong vein of humor in his composition. This appeared in his public speech, and often served him well; but in the quiet and retirement of home and in the social circle it came out strongly. Intensely fond of a good story—provided it was clean and sweet—I have seen him laugh until the tears

would run down his cheeks and his sides ache with pain; and he would have his favorite stories told again and again for his own and his friends' delight. He was fond of play and sport, especially with young people, and as far as his rather unwieldly bulk would allow he would join in with them. He never wearied, and spared no expense to provide all his young people—the boys and girls of his schools—with all forms of healthy play and amusement. He even liked a practical joke, provided it was not played at his expense. He drew the line there.

I have already spoken of his tender-heartedness and unbounded personal kindness to those in sorrow or need. He mourned and sorrowed like a father for his children when up here at different times two or three boys and some girls were drowned while in swimming or killed in a carriage accident. All the passion and kindness of a strong and tender nature went out to the poor and for those for "whom nothing was provided." For men, and especially boys and girls, who had not what he thought "a fair chance"

to get on in the world, he had a passionate longing—perhaps born of his own early experiences. It was this compassion and his intense appreciation of the advantages of an education which inspired and led to the foundation of the Northfield schools, which will forever remain his best and greatest visible monument.

Mr. Moody was a man of the simplest habits and tastes. He spent money lavishly upon others and in his work, but little upon himself. He was not a lover of money, and only coveted it for the good it might be made to do in his work, and, latterly, especially, in connection with his schools. He might easily and rightfully have been a fairly rich man, but like Samuel and Paul, he "coveted no man's silver or gold." Of all the vast royalties that the hymn books have yielded, and of which he might rightly have possessed himself, I have every reason to believe he has never touched a penny for his own personal use. On the subject of money for himself I have never heard him speak, nor would he allow the subject discussed in his presence.

His power over men and women was most remarkable. Not himself a man of culture or skilled in drawing room manners or etiquette, he drew and attached to himself men and women of the highest social position, of largest wealth, and of great intellectual ability and acquirements. Men like G. A. Smith and Henry Drummond were his greatest admirers. In the old country he was ever the honored guest of the highest in the land, and the same was true in his own country. The proverb concerning "a prophet" being "without honor in his own country" did not apply to him.

I shall close this brief and hastily written sketch of "Dear Old Moody" by a reference to him as the world's greatest evangelist, a place which he easily held. I think it cannot be controverted that he has influenced more people, turned more men and women from sin to God, set more Christians to work for their Master, and stirred the whole Christian Church more deeply than any man in modern times. In saying this I do not forget Wesley and Whitfield,

Edwards or Finney. He founded no sect—that was ever farthest from his thought—for he lived and labored for the whole Church and sought the spiritual welfare of “all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours.” He was not a theologian, but easily the greatest preacher since the days of Luther. Had he been a theologian he would not have given himself up so entirely, as in his later years, to the “Keswick movement.” His gospel was the simple one of 1 Cor. 15:1-4. His method was not that of the logician, much less that of the rhetorician; but that of passionate appeal to the hearts and consciences of men. He was not a great reader of books, except the Bible, I may say hardly a reader of them at all. He was too impatient of long sentences and logical processes to read. He read men; and when he found a full man he would suck or pump him dry. An anecdote or incident was more useful to him than an argument. His ability to re-mint other people’s gold was phenomenal. He would get an anecdote or il-

illustration from another man and use it with an aptness and power that the originator never dreamed of. A story or illustration that would salt in the telling by another man would fly from Moody's lips like an eagle or a dove and burn from his telling like red hot iron, or go straight to the mark like a rifle shot. He would condense a long argument or statement gathered from his living library of men into an epigram that would make its solid and pointed way to the heart or the conscience of his hearers. He was equally ready to seize a sling and stone from the hand of David, an ox-goad from Shamgar, a lamp, pitcher and trumpet from Gideon, or a sword from the fallen Goliath, and able to use either or all of them, as occasion required or opportunity offered, with the skill of the original possessors of the weapons, and always with the impression left on his hearers that he was the original fashioner of them all.

Of his work it must be truly said that it was the greatest of its kind ever wrought by man since the gospel began to be preached. It was

good, with as little possible bad in it as can be imagined. It will last—not as an organized residuum, as Methodism has lasted, but as good blood infused into the life and body of the whole Church of God, throughout the world. All Protestant bodies have felt the stimulus of it, and so has the Episcopal Church in both England and America. Even the Roman Catholic Church has felt the power of it. I even go so far as to say that Mr. Moody is the real father of the Salvation Army, though the rearing and training of that religious prodigy were taken in hand by others and directed in a way that Mr. Moody would not have suggested.

The question has been asked: “Who will be Moody’s successor?” The answer is: “He has not, and never will have a successor.” We might as well ask who was Moses’ successor, or Isaiah’s, or Jeremiah’s, or Paul’s. God will raise up other men to do His work, but no man will be Moody’s successor. Mr. Moody’s son is understood to be his father’s chosen agent for the

general management of the Northfield schools, but his successor he can never be.

Peace to the ashes of the great man; rest to his great soul! We shall never on this earth see his like again.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The peculiar aptness and power of some of Mr. Moody's running comments on texts of Scripture will appear in the following selections:—

Poor drunkard! Come to Christ; Christ is stronger than strong drink!

Judas got near enough to Christ to kiss him, and yet went down to damnation.

We have three great enemies: the world, the flesh, and the devil. But we have also three great friends: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

You should be in earnest about seeking God. He was in earnest when he gave His Son to die for sinners. Christ was in earnest when He hung upon the cross.

A good many people are complaining all the time about themselves, and crying out:—"My leanness! my leanness!" when they ought rather to say, "My laziness! my laziness!"

A man once wanted to sell me a "Book of Wonders." I took it and looked it over, and could not find anything in it about Calvary. What a mistake! A book of wonders—and the greatest wonder of all left out!

"What shall I then do with Jesus which is called Christ?" Pilate has Christ on his hands, and now he wants to know how to get rid of Him. So it is with every convicted soul who is not ready to be saved now. Poor Pilate! Poor Herod! Poor Agrippa! How near they got to the kingdom of Heaven, and yet never got in.

Do you think it was an awful thing for those Jews to choose Barabbas instead of Jesus? All you who are refusing to become Christians this afternoon are worse than they; for instead of Christ you choose Satan himself.

There are some who say, "We don't have any sympathy with these special efforts;" and I sympathize with that objection. I believe it is the privilege of the child of God to make continuous efforts for the salvation of others, every day throughout the year.

Many of the Bible characters fell just in the things in which they were thought to be the strongest. Moses failed in his humility, Abraham in his faith, Elijah in his courage, for one woman scared him away to that juniper tree; and Peter, whose strong point was boldness, was so frightened by a maid, as to deny his Lord.

Let no time be spent in arguments. I believe that is a work of the devil, to take off attention and cause delay. If a man comes to argue, we should go on our knees, pray with him, and then let him go. Job never fell until he got into an argument with his friends; he could stand his boils, and all his other afflictions, better than an argument.

It is said of David's mighty men that they

were right and left-handed. They were wholly consecrated; they could use their left or their right hands for the king. That is what we want in London. Men who are right-handed and left-handed for the King of Glory. Men who can use their eyes, and tongues, and ears, and everything for the Lord Jesus.

Paul said he was the "chief of sinners;" and if the chief has gone up on high, there is hope for everybody else. The devil makes us believe that we are good enough without salvation, if he can; and if he cannot make us believe that, he says, "You are so bad that the Lord won't have you;" and so he tries to make people believe they are either too good or too bad to be converted.

One reason why we don't have more answers to our prayers is because we are not thankful enough. The divine injunction is, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Some one

has well said there are three things in this verse: careful for nothing—prayerful for everything—thankful for anything.

Naaman left only one thing in Samaria, and that was his sin—his leprosy: and the only thing God wishes you to leave is your sin. And yet it is the only thing you seem not to care about giving up. "Oh," you say, "I love leprosy; it is so delightful, I can't give it up. I know God wants it, that He may make me clean. But I can't give it up." Why, what downright madness it is to love leprosy!

"Now is the accepted time." The last night I preached in Farwell Hall, in Chicago, I made the greatest mistake of my life. I told the people to take that text home with them and pray over it. But as we went out the fire-bells were ringing, and I never saw that audience again. The fire had come. The city was in ashes; and perhaps some of those very people were burned up in it. There is no other time to be saved but now.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity — these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Love is the greatest of God's gifts, and of all the Christian virtues. I don't think we shall require faith when we get to heaven. Before the throne of God we shall walk by sight, and not by faith. Nor shall we need hope there, as we shall have attained to the full measure of possession. Faith and hope will be past, but love will still reign. Therefore love is called the greatest.

There are but few now that say, "Here am I, Lord; send me;" the cry now is, "Send some one else. Send the minister, send the church officers, the church wardens, the elders; but not me. I have not got the ability, the gifts, or the talents." Ah! honestly say you have not got the heart; for if the heart is loyal, God can use you. It is really all a matter of heart. It does not take God a great while to qualify a man for his work, if he only has the heart for it.

The most powerful sermon Christ ever

preached was His discourse to Nicodemus. I believe there have been more souls born again by reading the third chapter of St. John's Gospel than by reading any other chapter in the Bible. And that beautiful and wonderful sermon was preached to one man only! If we Christians have the same mind that Christ had, not despising the day of small things, but each of us doing what we can to bring some one to the Saviour, we shall see a great work accomplished.

Our Lord said on one occasion, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's but he shall receive a hundredfold more in this present world, and in the world to come life everlasting." But Peter answering said, "Lo, we have left all, and followed Thee." So it always is. We make much of our sacrifices. What had the disciples left? A few old broken nets, and some boats. What did they get in exchange? The kingdom of God!

I wish people would use their dictionaries more and study the meaning of some of these Bible words. There is that word "repentance." Some people are saying, "Why don't Mr. Moody tell us more about repentance?" Well, what is repentance? Some one says it is a "godly sorrow for sin." But I tell you a man can't have a godly sorrow, or a godly anything-else till after he repents. Repentance means right-about face! Some one says, "Man is born with his back towards God, and repentance is turning square round."

When men going up in a balloon have ascended a little height, things down here begin to look very small indeed. What had seemed very grand and imposing, now seems as mere nothings; and the higher they rise the smaller everything on earth appears;—it gets fainter and fainter as they rise, till the railway train, dashing along at fifty miles an hour, seems like a thread, and scarcely appears to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now

like mere dots. So it is when we get nearer heaven; earth's treasurers, earth's cares, look very small.

Did any of you ever go down into a coalpit, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, right down into the bowels of the earth? If you have, don't you know that it would be sheer madness to try to climb on the steep sides of that shaft and so get out of the pit? Of course, you couldn't leap out of it; in fact, you couldn't get out of it at all by yourself. But I'll tell you this,—you could get out of a coal pit fifteen hundred feet deep a good deal quicker than you can get out of the pit that Adam took you into. When Adam went down into it, he took the whole human family with him. But the Lord can take us out.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him, he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the

thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind!" He turned round and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, come down one night to where the boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the gray dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of

earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

Read the 103rd Psalm, and mark how the Psalmist bids us, "forget not all His benefits." Some one has said we cannot remember them all, but we must not forget them all—they are too numerous to keep them all in mind, but let us keep some of them in mind. Observe five things in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses of this psalm:—(1) "He forgiveth all thine iniquities." (2) "He healeth all thy diseases." (3) "He redeemeth thy life from destruction." (4) "He crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." But there are very many crowned heads that are still not satisfied. God, therefore, does more,—(5) "He satisfieth thy soul." What more can we have than that?

When Jesus, along with His little band of disciples, came to the grave wherein Lazarus was laid, they found it covered by a stone. Jesus could have removed the stone Himself; but, notice, He bade His followers to remove the

stone. And we find that after the Master had restored the dead man to life, He also said to them: "Loose him and let him go." The Master could have loosed him; but He said to His disciples: "You loose Him." What lesson does the Master mean to teach us by this? He means to teach His followers that, whilst He alone can speak the word of life to dead souls, He wants us to remove the stone, and to loose the poor souls and let them go. He would have us to be co-workers with Him.

Some people tell us it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is only sincere. One Church is just as good as another if you are only sincere. I do not believe any greater delusion ever came out of the pit of hell than that. It is ruining more souls at the present than anything else. I never read of any men more sincere or more earnest than those men at Mount Carmel — those false prophets. They were terribly in earnest. You do not read of men getting so in earnest now that they take

knives and cut themselves. Look at them leaping upon their altars; hear their cry—"Oh Baal! oh Baal!" We never heard that kind of prayer on this platform. They acted like madmen. They were terribly in earnest: yet did not God hear their cry? They were all slain.

You have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, but God comes and says, "I will pardon you. Come now, and let us reason together." "Now" is one of the words of the Bible the devil is afraid of. He says, "Do not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time: do not be good now." He knows the influence of that word "now." "To-morrow" is the devil's word. The Lord's word is "now." God says, "Come now, and let us reason together. Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Though they be red as crimson, I will make them as wool." Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors; you would not get the color out without destroying the garment. God says, "Though your sins are as scarlet and crimson,

I will make them as wool and snow. I will do it now."

I have an idea that there are thousands of crownless saints in heaven. They just barely get in at the doors. They have, indeed, been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; but there is no reward for them. They have sought their own ease in this world; they have not sought to work for Christ here below; therefore, though admitted to heaven, they enjoy no distinguished reward. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." But none of those that have lost heart, and have given up working for the Master here, will shine as the stars, or receive the great reward hereafter. For those careless ones there is no bright glory, no place near the throne; they have just got in at the gates—that's all.

STORIES, ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. MOODY'S CREED.

When Mr. Moody was asked to conduct his first mission in London in 1874, he met a committee of ministers to explain his methods. A minister asked Mr. Moody for his creed. He replied that his creed was already in print. A number of the clergymen seized pencil and paper, asking where it could be found. "In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," said Mr. Moody.

A TRIBUTE TO MOODY

The following tribute to Mr. Moody is paid by Bishop John R. Vincent: "I knew Mr. Moody first in 1857. I knew him in Chicago,

in California, in London, in Dublin. I knew him in the Sunday school work, in the Y. M. C. A., in the Christian Commission, and slightly in actual evangelistic service. I knew him on the street, on the railroad, in the parlor, on the public platform, in the sacred silence and service of prayer and Christian fellowship. He was always and everywhere the same straightforward, positive, simple hearted, loyal and enthusiastic follower of Christ; courageous, spiritually minded, guileless, consecrated and indefatigable. I don't wonder that when 'earth receded,' heaven 'opened,' or that at the last he heard 'God calling' him. He heard God 'call' long, long ago; and he loved to obey and follow. Rest, noble servant of the Most High, rest in the eternal life of communion with thy God!"

HOW TO REPAY A GOOD DEED.

After the big Chicago fire I came to New York for money, and I heard there was a rich man in Fall River who was very liberal. So I went to him. He gave me a check for a large amount,

and then got into his carriage and drove with me to the houses of other rich men in the city, and they all gave me checks. When he left me at the train I grasped his hand and said:

"If you ever come to Chicago, call on me, and I will return your favor."

He said: "Mr. Moody, don't wait for me; do it to the first man that comes along."

I never forget that remark; it had the ring of the true good Samaritan.

HE WAS INSINCERE.

Some years ago I went into a man's house, and when I commenced to talk about religion he turned to his daughter and said:

"You had better leave the room. I want to say a few words to Mr. Moody."

When she had gone, he opened a perfect torrent of infidelity upon me.

"Why did you send your daughter out of the room before you said this?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I did not think it would do her any good to hear what I said."

Is his rock as our Rock? Would he have sent his daughter out if he really believed what he said?

HE TOOK THE PRINCE AT HIS WORD.

It is recorded in history that some years ago a man was condemned to be put to death. When he came to lay his head on the block, the prince who had charge of the execution asked him if there was any one petition that he could grant him. All that the condemned man asked for was a glass of water. They went and got him a tumbler of water but his hand trembled so that he could not get it to his mouth.

The prince said to him, "Your life is safe until you drink that water."

He took the prince at his word, and dashed the water to the ground. They could not gather it up, and so he saved his life. My friend, you can be saved now by taking God at His Word. The water of life is offered to "whosoever will." Take it now, and live.

ON THE BRIDGE.

A broker, crossing one of the city bridges of Chicago, was met by a stranger, an evangelist, who pleasantly greeted him, and they stopped to talk.

"Are you a Christian?" said the stranger.

"No, sir," cried he, and rushed on to the Board of Brokers. There he excitedly told what had taken place. "A man stopped me on the bridge and asked me if I was a Christian. None of his business! I was never more insulted in my life!" exclaimed he. A gentleman present, who knew the evangelist's remarkable success in preaching, and was his friend, mentioned to him what the broker related.

"I am sorry," said he. "I did not intend to be rude, and am willing to make amends."

A few days after, meeting the same man, he addressed him pleasantly, adding,

"If I spoke roughly to you that morning on the bridge, I am ready—"

The broker interrupted, and laying his hand on the preacher's shoulder, said with warmth,

"Do not apologize to me, sir! I trust I have become a Christian—thanks for that word on the bridge!"

The evangelist was Mr. Moody.

NOT AT ALL ABSURD.

A man said to me some time ago, "Moody, the doctrine you preach is most absurd: you preach that men have only to believe to change the whole course of their life. A man will not change his course by simply believing."

I said—"I think I can make you believe that in less than two minutes."

"No, you can't," he said; "I'll never believe it."

I said, "Let us make sure that we understand each other. You say a man is not affected by what he believes, that it will not change the course of his actions?"

"I do."

"Supposing," I said, "a man should put his head in that door and say the house was on fire, what would you do? You would get out by the

window if you believed it, wouldn't you?"

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't think of that!"

"No," I said, "I guess you didn't."

Belief is the foundation of all society, of commerce, and of everything else.

WE ALL NEED CHRIST.

I read of a minister traveling in the South who obtained permission to preach in the local jail. A son of his host went with him. On the way back the young man, who was not a Christian, said to the minister:

"I hope some of the convicts were impressed. Such a sermon as that ought to do them good."

"Did it do you good?" the minister asked.

"Oh, you were preaching to the convicts!" the young man answered.

The minister shook his head, and said: "I preached Christ, and you need Him as much as they."

THE HYMN SHEETS.

At one of the meetings during Mr. Moody's services in Kansas City hymn sheets were dis-

tributed by the ushers just previous to his address. He was feeling very tired, and speaking was a great exertion, so, fearing the noise that would result should the audience rustle them, he resolved to get rid of them. He called out, "Will everybody who has a hymn sheet hold it up?" The sheets were held up all over the hall. Mr. Moody shouted, "Now shake them!" Twelve thousand flimsy sheets of paper were shaken vigorously. They made an indescribable musical sound. There is nothing to compare it with. One can only say it was a vast rustle. "That will do," called Mr. Moody at the top of his voice. The sound ceased. "All right," said Mr. Moody. "Now sit on those hymn sheets!" The audience sat on them. Having taken this precaution against interruption, Mr. Moody began his sermon.

IT SEEMED A SMALL THING.

I remember hearing of a man at sea who was very sea-sick. If there is a time when a man feels that he cannot do any work for the Lord it is

then—in my opinion. While this man was sick he heard that a man had fallen overboard. He was wondering if he could do anything to help save him. He laid hold of a light, and held it up to the port-hole.

The drowning man was saved. When this man got over his attack of sickness he was up on deck one day, and was talking to the man who was rescued. The saved man gave this testimony. He said he had gone down the second time, and was just going down again for the last time, when he put out his hand. Just then, he said, some one held a light at the port-hole, and the light fell on his hand. A man caught him by the hand and pulled him into the life-boat.

It seemed a small thing to do to hold up the light; yet it saved the man's life. If you cannot do some great thing you can hold the light for some poor, perishing drunkard, who may be won to Christ and delivered from destruction. Let us take the torch of salvation and go into these dark homes, and hold up Christ to the people as the Savior of the world.

THEY KNEW IT.

Let me tell you how I had my eyes opened about the theatre question. I had an assistant superintendent of a Sabbath school, a very promising young man, who seemed to be very happy in the work. A star actor came to the city, and he went to see him. I knew nothing of it, but the next Sunday when he came into the Sunday school all over the building the boys cried out:

"Hynocrite! Hypocrite!"

The perspiration started out of every pore of my body; I thought they were looking at me. I said to the little newsboys:

"Who are you calling a hypocrite?"

They mentioned the assistant's name. I asked the reason, and they said:

"We saw him going into the theatre."

I had never said anything about the theatre to those children, but they saw that man going in, and called him a hypocrite. They seemed to know it was no place for a Christian to go.

He lost his influence entirely, withdrew from the school, and after a while gave up Christian work altogether. He was just swept along with the tide in Chicago and his influence was lost.

NOT WANTED.

A man said to me some time ago: "Mr. Moody, now that I am converted, have I to give up the world?"

"No," said I, "you haven't to give up the world. If you give a good ringing testimony for the Son of God, the world will give you up pretty quick; they won't want you."

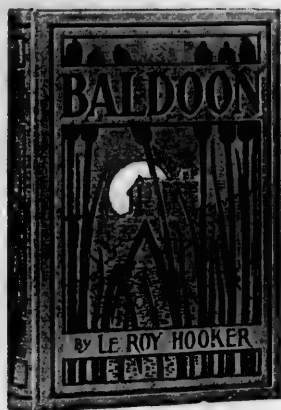
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